

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1920.

Price 7 Cents

JACK IZZARD, THE YANKEE MIDDY; A STORY OF THE WAR WITH TRIPOLI.

By CAPT THOS H. WILSON.

AND OTHER STORIES



Jack Izzard climbed in at a port. Beyond a doubt our hero would have been the first to gain the enemy's deck had he not worn a boarding belt and his pistols caught between the gun and the side of the port.

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Jack Izzard, the Yankee Middy

A STORY OF THE WAR WITH TRIPOLI

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON.

CHAPTER I.—Preparing for the Navy.

"I must go, uncle. I have carefully considered all that you have said, and I've no doubt that you mean it for my good; but it's of no use—I must go."

The speaker was a bright-faced, blue-eyed boy, who was sitting in a chair near a portly man, who sat at a desk with his spectacles elevated above his eyebrows.

"Jack, why are you so headstrong?" the old gentleman asked, while a troubled look came over his face.

"I don't know, uncle. It is not my intention to be headstrong," the boy answered, while his eyes fell upon the floor. "But you know I have got to earn my own living soon, and surely I should have something to say about the calling I am to follow. A seaman is a very honorable and useful calling, and I have chosen it because I like it, although I know there are many hardships attached to it. They are now fitting out a fleet for Tripoli, and Captain Stansburg says I could get a commission as midshipman by serving a few months on a schoolship. This could all be done before the fleet sailed."

"Well, Jack," said the portly doctor, with a sigh, "if you should ever come to regret this step, do not upbraid either myself or your aunt, for we have done all we can to dissuade you from it."

"I never shall, Uncle Toby. You have always been as kind to me as if I had been a relative by blood instead of adoption, and this home to which I have no right has always been a pleasant one."

The doctor locked his hands behind his head and gazed for a few moments at the ceiling. It was evident that he could not give up the boy without a struggle.

"Jack," he at last said, in a tone that was tinged with sadness, "I wish you could be dissuaded from entering the navy. It is a life full of dangers and hardships, and but poor pay when compared to other occupations."

"I have thought all that over, uncle."

"I hoped you would adopt some profession."

"Is not the sea a profession?"

"But, my boy, when the wind and blinding sleet cuts like needles, is not very charming."

"I have weighed all that, uncle, and have decided on the profession I would rather follow. Now, when an opportunity is offered to make me an officer in the navy, and of acquiring a naval education, had I not better take it? You may be

more comfortable here in your home than you would be in the forest, but would a wild Indian? It is his nature to love the forest, yours to love your home, and my nature to love the sea."

The eyes of Dr. Daniels fell upon the floor, and for several moments he was silent. He was thinking.

"I shall interpose no further objection," he finally said. "When you have grown tired of the life of a sailor, remember, you will always find a home here. If you were our own child we could not love you more, Jack."

"I know that, dear Uncle Toby, and I hope I may be able to return this kindness in the future. Until a few months ago I thought I was your nephew, but you have informed me I am no relative of yours, so there must be some mystery about me. Who am I, uncle? Who are my parents?"

Dr. Daniels started at the question, and fixed his eyes, which had grown moist, on the bright, honest face of the boy, and in a sad tone said:

"I have always allowed you to bear the name which I believed was properly your own—Jack Izzard—though it really may not be the name you are entitled to."

"Then you never saw my parents?"

"Not in life, Jack," the doctor answered.

Then, seeing the boy was determined to go to sea, the doctor said no more on the subject, and it was dropped, after the doctor informed Jack he would do his best to help him along.

Shortly after the doctor secured a position for the sea waif on board a school-ship. Naval academies were not so common then as now, and midshipmen not so plentiful. Two weeks from the incidents recorded above, Jack Izzard had secured a position on board a school-ship, and was learning what was necessary to make him a first-class seaman. In due course of time he was commissioned midshipman, and ordered on board the United States Frigate *Gurrier*, which was then fitting for a cruise in the Mediterranean, to join Commodore Edward Preble, who was blockading Tripoli.

Jack was now a strong, active youth, nearly seventeen years of age, and possessed of a happy disposition. He soon became a sort of a pet of the crew, and was liked by both his superiors and inferiors. To the former he was ever obedient, to the latter kind and to all gentlemanly.

Jack soon formed a firm friendship with a youth named Gus Tyrol, and they were much together when off duty. The Frigate joined Com-

Commodore Edward Preble's squadron at Syracuse. Commodore Preble was an old friend and former schoolmate of Doctor Daniels. Therefore when the *Gurrier* joined the squadron Jack was transferred to the Flagship *Constitution*, Preble's boat. Of course this separated him from his friend Gus. Shortly after Jack was transferred they came across a piratical vessel named the *Philadelphia*. In the fight that followed Jack distinguished himself with great honor to his country. His bravery was unquestioned. He was highly complimented by the Commodore for it.

He also distinguished himself in another battle with a pirate ketch (a swift, low-raking vessel of great speed), and led a boarding party which put it all over the pirates and forced them to surrender. Shortly after this last event took place *Krilano*, a notorious pirate, was reported as again committing depredations on the Mediterranean sea.

Preble was ordered to attend to the matter. He went to Jack, who was then off duty, and asked him what his idea of it was. Jack answered by asking a question in reply. He said:

"If you would place me in command of the ketch I captured the other day, I think I could go out and bring in *Krilano*."

So the captured ketch was turned over to Jack for his advice as to fitting it up, etc.

Two twelve-pounders were added to the small carronades, and sufficient ammunition of all kinds placed on board. In addition, the crew were abundantly supplied with small arms, cutlasses, and boarding pikes. On the day the ketch sailed he left the flagship and went to his own vessel. The ketch had been named the *Terror*, and the moment the young commander came aboard the air resounded with cheers from the crew. Everything was in the best order, the guns were lashed to their ports, and the clean, neat, trim little vessel looked more like a pleasure craft than a war vessel. Jack had selected Gus Tyrol to be first in command after himself, and Mr. Will Sharp to be second.

These he called his first and second lieutenants. Mr. Sharp was about twenty-two years of age, a thin-visaged, cadaverous-looking young man, whose nose was awry, the result of falling out of his hammock face downward. He seldom spoke unless forced into conversation, though when engaged in talking he was a very pleasant young fellow.

The shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe sounded, the capstan was manned, and the sailors began their tramp.

"There, lads, now you have her!" cried Mr. Tyrol, as the anchor broke ground and bobbed up above the water. "Hawse the anchor, set the braces, and man the yards."

Sail-trimmers were already at their posts, and when the orders to unfurl came the snowy sheets dropped down like white clouds above the deck. Salvatore Catalano himself stood at the wheel, and the little vessel soon went bowling away through the water. The commodore fired a salute from the flagship, which the *Terror* answered, and then came salute after salute from different ships of the line, until the sea trembled from the thunders of artillery. The *Terror* went flying

over the waters, her speed increasing as the sails filled, for there was a strong breeze blowing. The course was left entirely to Salvatore Catalano, the pilot, who was not only an excellent seaman, but was thoroughly acquainted with the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER II.—Chasing the Corsair.

The cruise of the *Terror* was not of sufficient national importance to get into history, but little effect as it may have had on nations, it was so fraught with adventure that it cannot but interest the reader. The *Terror* was one of the swiftest crafts on the Mediterranean, and supposed to be the only vessel that could overhaul *Krilano*. A few hours out, the wind, which had been fair, shifted, and they were compelled to beat against it, and this with even the *Terror* was difficult. Having made all necessary arrangements, Jack Izzard, who was considerably wearied with his exertions and the great mental strain upon him, turned in and slept all night, as only a tired youth can. Next morning he rose early and went up on deck.

Mr. Sharp was in charge of the morning watch. He was a thorough seaman, and had everything taut and trim, while he stood silently gazing upon the dashing waves. Off to westward it was still dark, and banks of clouds could be seen gathering there. Sea-gulls were screaming as they flew over the water, and the spray from their wings frequently dampened the deck.

"Well, Mr. Sharp, what kind of a night has it been?" Jack asked.

"Fair, with a stiff breeze."

"How does the wind set?"

"Dead against us, and has been most of the time. We have to keep her first on the larboard tack, and you see we can only make one-half the headway we should."

"Is that land ahead?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it—the mainland?"

"No, sir; it is the island of Candia."

"What! Are we no farther than that?"

"We are not, sir, and had we not an excellent vessel we could not have made that distance against such head-winds as these."

Jack made no answer, for he knew that Mr. Sharp was a much better seaman than himself, although his inferior in command. The young commander had the boatswain pipe all hands up to roll call, and then all save the watch were piped down to breakfast. The captain, as Jack was called, and his two lieutenants breakfasted in the elegant cabin. After breakfast Jack, assisted by Gus Tyrol and Catalano, made a calculation which was satisfactory to them, and the young commander went up on deck.

"The wind is a little high, Mr. Sharp," said Jack. "We must keep well off the coast or we'll be either stranded or dashed to pieces."

"Ay, ay, sir; we'll not venture so near as to endanger the vessel."

The three officers walked forward and held a long consultation with the Greek, who then returned to the wheel. The *Terror* was on the larboard tack, and running up close under the lee of

a reef of rocks. During the consultation neither of the three midshipmen or pilot had noticed that they were so near the island.

"Bout ship or we will be afoul o' the breakers," cried Jack, now perceiving his danger, and quietly censuring himself for his own negligence.

"Ay, ay," was the hearty response.

The Greek seized the wheel himself, and in a few seconds the little craft, which admirably obeyed her helm, was put upon the starboard tack, and began to fly away from the dangerous rocks.

About the middle of the afternoon they were bearing in toward the shore, when the man at the mast-head discovered a sail.

"Where is it?" Jack asked.

"There it is, right across that confounded point of land," cried Gus Tyrol, who had discovered the sail from the deck.

They were passing a point of the land that was higher than the low bar and behind a bluff covered with trees, the sail had been concealed until the lookout discovered her.

"There she is, standing close in to shore on the opposite side of this tongue of land."

"No, she's riding at anchor, or has been," said Mr. Sharp. "See, the capstan is manned, and they are preparing to heave."

"You are right, Mr. Sharp," said Jack, his eyes beginning to flash with excitement. "That is a strange craft."

At this moment Salvatore Catalano ran up to where the youthful commander stood and said:

"That is the pirate, sir."

"The pirate! How do you know?"

"I have seen her so often that I know every spar and sail on her."

Her deck was swarmed with dark-skinned corsairs.

"Oh, Heaven! how I wish we were round this point of land," cried Jack Izzard, like an impatient war-horse.

"But this long peak extends five miles farther," said Catalano.

For a moment Jack was in a quandary, then turning to Mr. Sharp, he said:

"Man the long gun. We'll give them a taste of our metal."

The pirate was not over a mile away across the narrow strip of land, and the Americans could see that she was making all haste to get away. The long gun was loaded and trained, and the match applied. A tremendous report shook the little vessel, and the Stars and Stripes were run up to the masthead, while a splashing of water near the pirate told where the ball had struck. The pirate lay in between two long points of land, and would have to beat up about two miles before she could get out of this strange position. A few moments later a puff of white smoke curled up from the pirate's forecastle, and a ball dashed into the water a few rods short of the ketch.

"Now, Mr. Sharp," said the young commander, "give them a solid shot."

When the long gun again belched forth its volume of fire and smoke, a shower of splinters was seen to fly from the rail of the corsair. The pirate returned the fire, and the two vessels continued wearing up the narrow tongue of land,

blazing away at each other. They kept on despite the iron hail that rained about them. Both ships were struggling to pass the headland first, one to fight the other to fly. Jack realized that his reputation all depended on the success of this cruise, and success depended on his overhauling the pirate. She had such an advantage that this seemed impossible.

"Oh, Heaven, we'll not round the headland in time, and she'll escape!" groaned Jack, beginning to despair.

CHAPTER III.—In the Archipelago.

The hopes of the Yankee midddy and his crew were roused at one moment as their vessel drove a little ahead to fall the next, when the corsair seemed to gain an advantage. When Jack was most despondent and had turned away sick at heart a cheer went up from his crew; and wheeling about to learn the cause, he was informed that Krilano's vessel was stranded.

Loud huzzahs went up from the deck of the Terror, and Jack was in high glee, but at this moment Mr. Sharp said:

"There, she's off again!"

To the mortification of the young commander and his crew, the corsair got out her sweeps, and by the aid of them increased her speed.

"We have sweeps aboard; man them at once!" cried Jack Izzard, "and we will make those rascals a close chase yet."

The sweeps on the ketch were got out and manned, and the crew worked them with a will.

"Hug the shore close as you dare," said Jack to the Greek pilot, "and you, Sharp, continue to blaze away at the rascal across the headland."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Sharp, his thin cadaverous visage showing no sign of excitement, as he and his gun crew continued to load and fire across the narrow strip of sand at the corsair.

The shots were taking effect occasionally, as the flying splinters attested, but still, owing to the great distance the vessels were apart, they were unable to do much damage. They were shooting at a distance of a mile and a half, and more shots struck the water than hit the ship.

"Confound 'em!" cried Jack, pacing the deck like an enraged tiger. "I would give all I have to be around this bit of headland. Shoot at their masts, Sharp, cut down their masts!"

"I have been firing at her masts."

"Can't you hit them?"

"No, I have not been able to injure them very seriously; she is too far away."

"Try, then, to cut her up in her rigging so she can't sail," said Jack, in whose breast hope began once more to slowly revive.

"I'm afraid we are too far away for that," said the gunner. "It is no easy matter to hit a ship at that distance, and the best gunner living would not touch a mast every time."

Jack knew this, though the knowledge was no gratification to him. He paced the fore deck, urging the men at the sweeps to greater exertion, and sometimes in his nervous anxiety seizing a sweep and assisting at the work himself.

"What do you think of our chances of over-

hauling her?" he asked the pilot who stood at the wheel.

"Very small," Catalano answered.

The young commander left the pilot and walked forward. The corsair was so busily engaged trying to escape the determined little craft that for some time he had neglected returning the fire. But as the land grew narrower, and the Yankee boys hugged the shore closer, in order to come nearer, and continued to blaze away at them, they manned their long gun once more, and a wreath of smoke was seen to curl from her fore-castle, and the next moment a solid iron ball struck the sandy headland, scattering sand and gravel in every direction. Some of the sand and gravel fell upon the deck of the little vessel which was hugging the shore as near as she dared.

"She throws heavy metal," said Sharp, shaking his head.

"Yes; it's too heavy to reach us," Jack answered.

"Her guns are badly handled."

"If we can but get around this headland her crew will be badly handled. Continue to pour your shot into her as fast as you can, Sharp."

Again the long piece on the little vessel was loaded and shot, and Sharp sighted it himself, and gave the command to fire. The match was applied, and a tremendous report shook sea and land. The young commander who stood with his glass to his eye, was gratified to see a part of the bulkhead go flying into the air.

"Good shot—very good! A few more as well directed as that will give the rascals cause to remember us, even if they should be so fortunate as to get away."

But the exultation of the Americans was of short duration. The corsair finally reached a position where he had plenty of sea room, and, spreading all canvas, sailed away. Jack Izzard and his crew watched their receding ship in sullen despair. There was a determination in their despair, however, that bode no future good to the corsair. The long sandy bar extended like a shark's tooth some distance further, while they were forced to beat against the wind until they got around it.

"What can't be cured must be endured," said the young commander to Gus Tyrol, who was almost tearing his hair in vexation. "The moment we round the point and catch the breeze fairly we'll crowd all sail, and follow on her heels at a rate that will astonish some of them. Of one thing I am sure—we have given her a few blows, even at a long range, that she is not liable to forget soon."

The sailors all felt as deeply mortified as their officers. Gus Tyrol had begun to fear that Jack might become disheartened and give up the chase. But now that he saw how determined he was, his spirits once more revived, and he said:

"We can overhaul him yet, Midshipman Izzard."

"Of course we will, or we will spend the entire time given us for our cruise in beating about for him."

"I am glad to hear you say that, for we will get them yet."

Jack turned his flashing eye full of determined fire on the young officer and said:

"Not one of them shall escape the halter!"

The sweeps were worked with a will until the point of headland was rounded. The corsair, now so far away that it had dwindled to a mere speck on the horizon, at this moment disappeared behind another island. The Terror under a heavy press of canvas sped away through the water at a rate of speed which astonished the most experienced sailors. The pilot was not slow to declare her the fastest craft on the Mediterranean. They soon entered the archipelago, and the thousands of islands with which this portion of the water is strewn would afford excellent hiding places for the corsair. They might search for weeks and even months among them without coming in sight of the fugitive.

Jack did not consider that the enemy outnumbered him two to one, and that a combat with them would be doubtful. Krilano and his crew were fierce and desperate. They would fight for their lives, and no mercy would be shown the daring Americans should they fall into their hands. If these thoughts ever, for a single moment, entered his mind, he banished them, and thought only of conquest. Salvatore Catalano, the pilot, having been relieved from the wheel, now came forward where Jack stood alone leaning against the rail.

"Has the sail again appeared?" he asked.

"No," Jack answered. "She seemed to have become lost among the headland, and has not since been seen."

"Ugh! but that point is ugly!" said the pilot. "It has been a source of annoyance ever since I have been to sea, and I suppose was long before I was born."

"Do you think we will fall in with Krilano to-day?"

"It is very doubtful."

"This vessel is very swift."

"Yes; but while we were beating up against the wind the corsair gained such headway that it will be doubtful if we see more of him soon——"

"Sail ho!"

The sharp cry from the masthead seemed to electrify every one on board.

"Where away?" half a dozen voices involuntarily asked, while every one on the deck was gazing in every direction, hoping to see the stranger, and thrilled with excitement. Was it the corsair again sighted?

The sail was on their larboard, so far away across some islands that they could not make her out.

"What do you think of her?" Jack asked Catalano.

The Greek shook his head and said:

"It can't be the corsair."

"I fear not."

"No, he could not have possibly got so far on our larboard."

"Suppose we go aloft and try with glasses to make her out?"

The pilot thought the suggestion a good one, and they climbed to the main fore crosstrees, where they leveled their glasses, and for a long time watched the craft.

"It's a schooner," said Salvatore.

"But it is not the corsair."

"No, it is not rigged like it, and is not a Tri-politan vessel at all."

"Can you make out her nationality?"

"No, except she is an European vessel," said Salvatore. "She has colors flying, yet I cannot make them out."

"If it is not the corsair, it makes no difference what she is," said Jack.

"She is heading the same way as we are, and as she is bearing to the starboard we will cross her path before morning."

They descended to the deck, and when the sailors learned that it was not the corsair the little ripple of excitement the discovery had created died away.

"Catalano, are you thoroughly acquainted with the archipelago?"

"Thoroughly as any one. I have passed most of my life in sailing about these waters."

"Do you know any nook or hiding-place where the scoundrel might hide from us?"

"Yes; there are many."

"Can you point those places out on the chart?"

"Most of them I can; there may be some that I would miss. These islands have so many inlets and secret bays where a vessel much larger than the corsair could conceal herself that it would be difficult to point them all out."

CHAPTER IV.—The Corsair's Victim.

The day that the corsair escaped the vessel commanded by Jack Izzard, the Yankee midddy, a small Spanish schooner was bowling along in the archipelago, a few dozen leagues to windward of the island which they had been so long getting around. The schooner was the *Dulcena*, a pleasure vessel, having aboard of it the rich old Don Louis Castillo, a Spanish nobleman of untold wealth. Don Louis was a widower with but one child, Donna Lina, a beautiful girl of sixteen, with large, dark eyes and raven black hair. She was one of those rare beauties found in no other clime save the sunny lands of Spain.

Don Louis Castillo was an invalid, and the best doctors of Madrid, failing to cure him, advised him to take a sea voyage for his health. Being immensely wealthy, he fitted out this elegant craft without regard to expense, and selected an experienced captain and crew. He tried to dissuade his daughter from going with him, but she insisted so strongly that the kind father could not find it in his heart to refuse her. His plan was first to sail through the archipelago, back again, and then completely over the Mediterranean Sea. The fact that the Barbary States, on account of their piratical acts, had been at war with many of the civilized nations, and were even then waging war on the vessels of the United States of America, had caused the old don to somewhat change his plans. He determined to first explore the Adriatic, and leave the Mediterranean until the last.

Shortly after leaving home, Don Louis had been warned by one of his native vessels, which he chanced to meet, of Krilano the corsair, but regarded the many stories he had heard of this villain as imaginations of excited men. Many wild stories were told of Krilano's boldness and prowess, some of which were false, and most of

which were magnified. It was said that he had been known to enter European ports on dark nights, seize vessels, and either rob and destroy, or run away with them, eluding his pursuers and defying all efforts to capture him. It was reported that many of the islanders willingly furnished him shelter from his pursuers, and faithfully kept his secret for him.

These stories, whether false or true, were discredited by Don Louis, or regarded as exaggerations. For several days he had been at sea, fearlessly sailing wherever he wished, and giving no more than a passing thought to the old corsair. His crew consisted of the captain and mate and twelve able-bodied, experienced sailors and a cabin boy. These, with his daughter, her maid, and himself, made up the number of those on board. It was late in the afternoon of the day in which the events recorded in the preceding chapter occurred that the old Spanish don and his daughter were standing on the quarter deck.

"Father," said the girl in a voice and language which was the mellowest music, "do you see that craft yonder?"

"Where, my child?"

"There—just coming around the island on our right."

"You must have sharp eyes, Lina. I see nothing."

"Why, father, it is not a mile away."

The captain, who was pacing the deck within ear-shot of the senorita, paused at hearing this, and swept the broad expanse of water with eyes that were experienced in searching the horizon for sails. He saw the figure-head of a long, low, rakish-looking schooner creeping panther-like from behind a point of wood-covered headland.

"Mast-head there?" cried the angry captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the startled lookout, for he knew by the tone of his commanding officer that he was enraged.

"Are you asleep?" asked the captain.

"The saints forbid!"

"Then where have your eyes been that you could not see that schooner until it had almost overhauled us?"

"Sail ho!" shouted the excited sailor.

Every member of the crew was now on deck gazing at the schooner. Don Louis and his daughter saw the low, rakish-looking schooner creeping out from behind the island. Slowly and stealthily, as a cat glides forward upon an unsuspecting mouse, this shark-like schooner seemed to glide forth from behind the forest-clothed island.

"Captain Druzillio, do you know what that schooner is?" asked the don.

"No, sir, not yet. She is too far behind the island," said the captain, leveling his glass upon the vessel. "She is coming out nicely now, and I will soon have her."

A few moments more elapsed when the schooner glided out into full view.

"Ah, yes, I have her!" said the captain, closing his glass, while a frown gathered on his face.

"What is she?"

"A square-rigged, low schooner, with rakish masts and Turkish build."

There was nothing particularly alarming in this, as these waters were full of such vessels. The captain went forward to speak with the mate

about it, and Don Louis and his daughter remained near the taffrail. While some shades of suspicion may have been aroused in the captain's mind, the don and his daughter little dreamed that this mysterious craft was the vessel of Krilano, that had for days been on the lookout for Don Louis' schooner. The don carried no small amount of wealth aboard his vessel, which the corsair determined to possess. But it was not so much the treasure the don carried aboard his ship as it was to get possession of the don and his daughter, that prompted Krilano to lay in wait for them.

These two prisoners, Krilano knew, would command a princely ransom, and he had determined to secure them. While lying in wait for them, Jack Izzard's craft had come on the corsair, as we have seen, and forced him out of his course, thus delaying a few hours the attack upon the Spanish schooner. Captain Druzillio's uneasiness increased when he found that low, dark, snake-like schooner ever hovering near, no difference on what tack they were sailing. He gnashed his teeth with vexation, and cursed his folly in venturing into these waters so near the haunts of the great pirate. They were in greater danger than he was willing to admit. He managed to induce the don and his daughter to go below and engage in a game of whist, and then mustering the entire crew in the forecabin, he told them of his fears, suggesting that they arm themselves so as to repel the pirates if they should attempt to board.

"If it is Krilano," concluded the captain, "he is evidently more intent on ransoms from prisoners than any great amount of wealth we may have on board, and will not dare to fire any heavy guns at us for fear of killing the don. Their plan will be to hang in our wake and board us when we least expect them."

The men took advantage of their captain's advice, and boarding-pikes, cutlasses and pistols were placed in readiness. An hour later the Dulcena was becalmed not half a mile from a small island, and as she lay rocking idly in the water, Don Louis Castillo and his daughter came on deck, for it had grown quite sultry in the cabin. The sun, though quite low, beamed fiercely down upon the deck, and a strip of canvas was spread to protect them from the sun. The don and his daughter had walked aft, when Donna Lina quickly cried:

"Father, there is a boat—there are two!"

The don turned quickly, and was horrified to see two boats, loaded with dark, savage-looking men, armed to the teeth, pulling with all speed for his vessel.

"Captain, Captain Druzillio!" he called to the captain, who was forward.

"Aye, aye!" that individual responded, running aft, for he knew by the excited voice of the don that he had made some alarming discovery.

"Where are the eyes of yourself and your crew? What means that?" demanded the excited don, pointing toward the approaching boats.

"They are pirates!" cried the excited captain. "Go below, Don Louis—go at once! To arms everybody—repel boarders!"

In a moment every man sprang to his feet. Those who had been asleep were rubbing their

eyes, still somewhat bewildered. The corsair boarding party, now with wild, deafening yells, bent to their oars.

"Hasten below; don't remain here with the senorita, Don Louis!" cried the captain. Thus urged, the don, who was no coward, however, for the sake of his daughter hastened down into his cabin.

The captain of the Spanish schooner now made heroic efforts to get his sailors in position to resist the attack, but the surprise had so demoralized them that not more than six or eight were really prepared to meet the horde of buccaneers when they came pouring upon them.

"Remember it is for life we strike!" cried Druzillio, waving his cutlass in the air.

A feeble cheer answered this effort to rally the frightened sailors, and as Krilano and his piratical horde began to appear above the bulwark of the vessel, they greeted them with a few shots. One or two fell back, but Krilano in a voice of thunder shouted:

"There's a fortune here! Down with them!"

A tremendous cheer followed this, and dark-skinned monsters poured over the gunwale. There was a clash of steel against steel, a few shots were fired, and the struggle was over. In fact, it was no fight at all, not a dozen blows had been struck until Captain Druzillio and those of his gallant crew who had dared strike for liberty were beaten down, and wounded and bleeding, forced to surrender.

"By the regions of darkness!" roared Krilano, pacing the deck of the captured ship like an enraged lion, "they shall walk the plank for this. I intended to spare the dogs, but three of my men have been wounded, and one may die. They shall walk the plank at daylight to-morrow. We'll be in deep water by that time. Make them fast and see that no one gets away from the deck of this ship. Where is the don?"

"He is below," said some one.

"Bring him up. Go down and bring him up. He's worth a million to us."

Two or three corsairs ran down to the elegant cabin, in which stood the old Castilian noble and his pretty daughter. Don Louis had a sword in his right hand, determined to protect his child to the last.

"Back—back, miscreants!" he shouted, as the dark-faced corsairs opened the door.

They did not understand his words, but his flashing eye and gleaming sword were not to be mistaken. The orders to take the don alive and uninjured had been very strict, and they began at once warding off the blows and thrusts of the Spaniard. His guard was at last beaten down, and the don and his daughter were made prisoners. They were at once taken to the pirate craft, which now crept up under the lee of the island. The corsair chief went aboard with them, leaving his lieutenant and a dozen men in charge of the prize and captives.

CHAPTER V.—A Dangerous Enterprise.

All the day and the night following the day that Jack Izzard's vessel had lost sight of the corsair, a sharp lookout was kept for him. The

Greek pilot was at the wheel, and a dozen glasses almost constantly sweeping the vast expanse of water, or minutely examining the many islands amid which they were sailing. When night came and the outlaw had not yet been sighted, the determined Yankees did not despair, but continued to search sea and shore through their night-glasses. There were neutral grounds in which Jack Izzard feared the pirates would be beyond his reach, and would afford them perfect security. His object now was to head them off from the Bosphorus. Like most young commanders, Jack was anxious to try his steel. He wanted to lead his crew to battle, and longed for an occasion to prove his own and their valor. He longed to lay the *Terror* broadside with the corsair, and sink her or make her strike her colors.

Jack was on the deck early next morning, and searched the waters far and wide for some sign of a sail. Finding none, he went to his cabin and sent for Will Sharp. He knew Sharp to be the best American sailor on board the *Terror*, and he had also great confidence in his judgment as well as his skill. Sharp was a very quiet young man, and his thin, bony face was almost devoid of any expression of humor. His nose being slightly awry, rather disfigured his face, which would not have been handsome at best. He was a modest, unassuming man, and his advice was never worthless.

"Well," said Jack, gazing at the chart that lay spread on the table before him, "we are somewhat puzzled."

"Yes," said the young sailor, his eyes fixed upon the chart which his commanding officer was minutely examining.

"We can make a calculation and ascertain our own bearings, but it is not so much ourselves as it is the corsair's we are anxious about at present."

"That is so," said Sharp, fixing his dark-gray eyes upon the chart.

"Now, Sharp, what, in your opinion, had we better do to get this monster?"

"We must find him first."

This was the nearest a joke Jack had ever known the sedate Mr. Sharp to approach. He even condescended to smile, something rather unusual for him.

"That is just the point I am coming to," said Jack. "When we find him, unless he is wedged in somewhere between these islands, where we can't get at him under three days' sail, he is ours."

"Well," said Sharp, running his eyes over the chart, "you see this, and this, and this would be neutral grounds," indicating the places with his finger.

"I know that," Jack answered. "We must by all means keep him away from them."

"Yes, and then at the same time we have to guard the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. Once let him get under the protection of Turkey and we will never dare come at him."

"Confound him!" said Jack, striking the table with his fist. "I will find him if I have to drag him out from under the guns of the Sultan's fort. But how about the Adriatic—would we dare attack him there?"

"Yes, at certain places."

"Now, Sharp, go and tell Catalano to bear north-northeast, and we will try to head him off, and if we cannot capture him, drive the scoundrel back into the Mediterranean, where we will make it a lively chase, and a capture, sure."

"I understand, and think the plan a good one."

"In the meanwhile, however, if we come across him, we'll give him the hottest fight he has ever had."

"We will," Sharp answered solemnly. Sharp was a man of very few words, but was brave as a lion, and very thoughtful. The days passed in hunting about among the islands for those ocean freebooters.

When night came they were several leagues north of Candia, among a cluster of small islands. In many places the passages between them were so narrow and treacherous that only an experienced pilot could steer a ship among them. The Greek pilot was kept constantly at the helm, and Jack remained on the forward deck. He was gazing over the rail when Sharp joined him.

"I think it more than likely that Krilano is hiding among some of these islands," said Sharp, in his quiet, unassuming manner.

"I have thought as much myself," Jack answered. "Catalano says that the islands afford abundant hiding places for the rascal."

"I think it would be well to examine this part of the archipelago well before going farther."

"I have been thinking of that myself," said the Yankee midshipman, very glad to have his own ideas confirmed by a person as thoughtful as Mr. Sharp.

"We are liable to come upon them at any moment," Sharp continued, after a few moments' silence. "In passing these islands we may at any time run upon him, so it might be well to quietly muster the men to quarters, and have them armed with small arms, the gun crews divided out, and every precaution taken, in case we should come unexpectedly on the corsair. It will be like rousing a lion, and we cannot be too well prepared."

The suggestion was considered a good one, and the men were quietly mustered and arms distributed as if an enemy was really in sight. Sharp was sent to the masthead himself to keep a sharp lookout for this great marauder of the sea. A nervous anxiety seemed to have taken possession of the entire crew, and there was no one inclined to sleep. Still and silent as images of stone they sat or stood upon the deck, each moment expecting to be hurried into a conflict of life or death.

About an hour before midnight Sharp hastily descended from the fore cross-trees, and said:

"Lay to quick! The corsair is in sight!"

Almost instantly the sails were furled, the lights aloft were extinguished, and the little ketch lay idly rocking on the water. Jack Izzard accompanied Sharp to the masthead, and by the aid of a powerful night-glass saw a fine-looking schooner whose deck was covered with dark-visaged men, about two miles away. Descending, the three midshipmen held a hurried consultation with the pilot.

"I think our best plan will be to man two or three boats, and go and cut her out. We could muffle the oars and make a complete surprise," said Jack.

"Oh, no, not a complete surprise," said the pilot. "Those fellows are not to be so easily taken as that; but we would be successful. They are as watchful as hawks, and we will have to use care."

The crew was mustered, and Jack told them that they were about to engage in an undertaking which would try their nerves, courage and skill. He hoped every man would be cool, thoughtful and bold, not strike until the time came, and then be sure that his blow was effective. He concluded by stating that himself and Mr. Sharp would take thirty of them in two boats, and go and cut out the corsair.

"Look to your arms," he concluded. "See that every pistol, cutlass, and boarding-pike is in proper order, for we shall have use for them."

There was some complaint among some of the crew, and, upon inquiry, one of them said:

"Why, ye see them sharks layin' on deck as they do have an advantage over us," said one. "As fast as we climb up, they'll whack us on the heads."

"We will remedy that," said Jack; and, with a true Yankee's inventive genius, he proceeded to the work. The ketch, as has been stated, was the property of a wealthy Tripolitan captured by Jack, and had on board a large quantity of fine fruits, put up in brass pots about the size of a man's head.

Jack remembered that three dozen of these empty pots were below, and he at once conceived the idea of converting them into helmets to protect their heads. He had thirty-two of them brought up, and the men selected for the boarding party began fitting them on their heads. By lining them with pieces of sail, each man got a fit.

"It is an excellent idea," said Sharp, as he adjusted his glittering helmet and drew the flat ball of the pot under his chin. Their strange helmets added greatly to the ferocity of the party.

"Now, Guss, I leave the ketch with you and the others. We will capture Krilano or never return. If we fall—we fall in a good cause—good-by."

Silently the midshipmen shook hands, and then the young officers and their crews descended to their respective boats. All was ready, and with muffled oars they rowed toward the corsair and to danger. In a few moments both boats were lost to view of those on the deck of the Terror. Breathlessly Tyrol and those on deck waited to hear the sounds of carnage.

CHAPTER VI.—Boarding the Schooner.

The two boats containing the boarding party pulled away into the darkness, and soon were out of sight of their own vessel. Jack had instructed Midshipman Tyrol, who was left in charge of the ketch, to have the guns manned, ready to be used in case the corsair should escape them. Not a man was expected to close his eyes that night. Jack felt that he was just entering upon his career. His future depended upon the success of this enterprise. Seated in the bow of the foremost boat, his cloak drawn about his shoulders, he tried to pierce the darkness with his eyes. The

lantern in the upper rigging of the vessel, which had betrayed it to the Americans, had either been taken below or extinguished, and there was nothing now to guide them. But Midshipman Izzard and Sharp had marked well the direction in which the vessel lay, and were sure they could find it.

To say that a man entering into a conflict is entirely devoid of fear is to say he is mentally defective. Every man with common sense dreads danger to himself. The brave man is one who does his duty irrespective of danger, and the bravest men are those who grow pale and tremble on entering battle. Jack, by a superhuman effort, kept his feelings under control, and when he spoke his voice was clear and unflinching. They had gone but a short distance when Jack said in a low tone:

"Lay to and let Mr. Sharp come alongside."

The sailors rested a moment on their oars, and the second boat quickly came upon their larboard.

"Sharp," said Jack, in an undertone.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Sharp, in the same cautious manner.

"It would be well for us to keep close together. It is so dark that we can hardly see an oar's length."

"I was thinking we had better keep near each other," answered Sharp. "Which side do you intend boarding from?"

"We can't determine that yet," Jack answered. "It greatly depends on the way she lays. I think, however, her weather quarter would be the best place to strike."

"Would we not find her mizzen chains more available to ascend to her deck?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Sharp. But we will ascertain when we get there."

"From the build of the corsair I am certain it would be much the easiest to board her that way," Sharp said, "but we can only tell when we reach her."

"It is very much like a leap in the dark," said Jack, in a solemn tone, drawing his cloak more closely about his shoulders. "We will have to depend on luck, pluck, and circumstances."

The boats now resumed their voyage in silence. Jack sat in the bow, keeping a sharp lookout ahead, and issuing his commands to the sailors in whispers. The corsair might be nearer than they thought, and it was the design to make the surprise complete if possible. Right lustily did the oarsmen bend to their oars when in clear water, and the cutwater of the boats cleaved the calm bosom of the water, which boiled hissing in their wake. The wood-clothed islands, however, were so close together in places that the water lay like the bottom of a dark canyon or cavern between.

Surely the buccaneers could not have selected a more suitable hiding place than this part of the archipelago. The Americans were secretly congratulating themselves for their good luck in finding the corsair at all. They came to one of those dark, narrow passages between two islets, and Jack, in a cautious tone, said:

"Steady, there; be careful how you dip your oars, for the least sound may be heard on one of these islands."

"Mr. Izzard," said Sharp in a whisper, "there

may be a possibility of some of these scoundrels being on these islands with muskets."

"I hardly think it probable. They have not been sufficiently warned of our coming."

They passed through the narrow strait, and were once more in a broader expanse of water. Jack now strained his eyes in vain for a glimpse of the vessel, but he could see it nowhere. The night was dark, there being no moon, and the sky being partially veiled by fleecy clouds. The black waters rippled like gentle zephyrs beneath the prows of the boats, as they were urged along by the muffled oars. Occasionally a star peeped through a rift in the cloud, which hung like a tattered garment over the sky, its rays falling on the strange helmets of the Americans. Both boat crews were silent. It was the silence which precedes the storm, the hush which comes before the rush of battle. The sailors almost held their breaths, and each felt his heart beating like a muffled drum against the walls of his bosom.

"Do you see her, Mr. Sharp?" Jack asked, in a whisper.

"Not yet," came the answer.

Although the two boats were within three oars' lengths of each other, yet, so dark was it that they could scarce see their companions.

"Steady, lads!"

Jack's voice was scarce heard even by his own crew. He had risen from his place in the bow of the boat, and stood erect, trying to pierce the darkness with his eyes, and discover the ship.

Something black and terrible seemed to loom up in the distance.

"Sharp!" called Jack, in an undertone.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Do you see something dark?"

"I do."

"What do you make it out to be?"

"I think it is a small islet, but we'll go steadily on."

The form was too large, too bulky, to be the hull of a ship, and yet seemed hardly large enough to be an island. The men at the oars carefully dipped them into the water, and made long, steady strokes, sending the boats through the water. The commander of each boat stood erect watching the dark, bulky object, without ever removing their eyes from it. The nearer they approached, the larger it seemed to grow, until they were both assured it was one of the many diminutive islands with which this part of the archipelago is thickly strewn.

"Is is an island," whispered Sharp.

"Yes," responded Jack.

"What course shall we steer now?"

"Straight ahead."

The boats kept steadily on, the measured dip of oars so faintly heard that the sailors in one boat could not distinguish the strokes of the other. The small island was reached, and the two boats gliding around to windward, espied another dark object about one-fourth of a mile away. If there had been any doubt as to what it was, the lights flashing along the deck would have told them. The Americans could scarce restrain a shout of joy at sight of it, but now being fully convinced that the enemy were not apprised of their approach, they determined to make the surprise complete.

"Steady, steady," said Jack, in an undertone, fearing that some of his crew would be so indiscreet as to cheer. "Keep quiet, and we'll soon be alongside the shark. Lay in close, Sharp, and we will go in side by side."

"Can you tell how she lays?" asked Sharp, who had been striving to make out the position of the ship.

"No, that is impossible from this distance; but we will soon be near enough to see. Steady! steady! Lay to your oars, my lads, and we'll soon be alongside. Be careful, everybody, and stand ready to leap to the rail."

The ring of hammers and crashing blows of axes could be distinctly heard, as if the vessel was being ripped to pieces. Lights could be seen moving about in every direction, as if some one on board was very busy.

"Can they have discovered us, and are they getting ready for action?" Jack asked himself.

"It seems as if they are breaking up their ship," said Sharp.

"Perhaps clearing it for action."

"No—no! There would be no such sounds as those if they were expecting us."

"More than likely they are repairing the damage she sustained in our duel across that point of land."

"Hardly, after night. It is very strange, though."

"We shall soon know," said Jack, drawing the copper helmet more closely upon his head. "Lay to your oars, my hearties, and we'll soon have them!"

Jack watched the ship, which every moment grew nearer and nearer. All that noise and confusion might after all be only a ruse to deceive the Americans—to make them believe that they were busy repairing the vessel, when they were only lying in wait for them. They might really expect at any moment a stream of fire and a broadside of grape and canister from the pirate. On—on, and on they glided, each fleeting moment bringing them nearer and nearer to the vessel they had determined to board. Jack had dropped his boat cloak, and stood sword in hand ready to leap on the vessel the moment they would reach its side. They were not more than half a dozen cable lengths away. The youthful commander kept his left arm free in order that he might have nothing to hinder him in climbing.

"Now, lads—your best!" he whispered.

The boats almost leaped from the water, so earnest were the strokes of the oarsmen. The ring of the hammers and ripping up of boards still continued, as if the pirates were tearing the vessel to pieces. To Jack it seemed to be no sham in order to deceive the Americans, for they were too busy to notice them, until they were almost at the side of the schooner. Then some one halted them in an unknown tongue.

"Forward!" cried Jack, ready for a spring the moment they should touch.

"Americanos!" shouted some one from the deck above.

The boats at this moment struck the ship's hull, one on her lee bow and the other just forward the mizzen chains.

"Now, hearts of oak!" shouted Jack, springing

into the mizzen chains, "never mind your heads; they can't break them."

A shot fired from above struck Jack's helmet but glanced off, doing him no other injury than to slightly stun him, then with a wild cheer he led his crew to the deck. He had thrown his leg over the rail when a yataghan fell upon his head with such force that it would have cleft his skull in twain had it not been for the copper helmet which protected him. Two or three sharp reports rang out on the air as they gained the deck, one or two blows were struck, and then Jack saw the cowardly rascals flying to the opposite side of the ship.

"Cut them down! Don't let them escape!" shouted the Yankee middy, springing forward to attack a giant Mussulman.

CHAPTER VII.—Chagrined.

The dark Corsair, whom Jack sought to engage, sank back at his approach. The wildest confusion reigned on board the schooner. Cries, shouts and clash of cutlasses, with which was mingled an occasional shot, filled the air with noise and confusion. Jack saw one tall form stagger and sink with a groan to the deck. To the astonishment of the Americans, they did not have more than a dozen, where they expected to find half a hundred to oppose them. These made but very little resistance. So complete was the surprise that they never wholly recovered from it. A few of them discharged their pistols into the air, but everywhere those glittering copper heads could be seen, and their imagination magnified them a hundredfold. They fled for life across the deck, and the constant splash—splash—splashing of bodies leaping into the water fell upon their ears.

"Forward, lads!" cried Jack, pressing the flying corsairs closely. "Stop, you cowardly knaves, and fight like men!"

A tall, powerful form leaped up from the gangway and made a back stroke with his saber at the daring midshipman. His copper helmet again saved him, but the scoundrel made good his escape and sprang over the rail into the sea. Jack fired at him as he went over the schooner's side, and from the yell which answered his shot, believed that he had wounded him; but it was not so bad as to prevent him swimming away to some island and escaping. The impetuosity of the Americans was so great that the enemy were swept from the deck in less than three minutes after Jack Izzard had set foot upon it. One or two of the Americans had slight scratches, but they could hardly be called wounds. Having gained the opposite side of the schooner, the midshipman stood by the rail watching the forms of two or three of the corsairs swimming away into the darkness.

"Mr. Izzard?" said Sharp, joining him at this moment.

"Well?"

"This is not the schooner."

"What?"

"This is not Krilano's vessel. At least, not the one we chased the other day."

Jack was completely thunderstruck. There

were many things about the schooner which at once convinced him that Sharp might be correct.

"If those fellows were not pirates, then what were they?" he asked.

"Oh, they may be pirates, but this is not the schooner we chased. If so, what has become of the long eighteen-pounder which sent iron so savagely at us?"

That was a question Jack could not answer. He looked down at the dark, black-whiskered savage lying cold and still in death upon the deck, and knew he must be a Neapolitan. This was the only man on board who had fallen in the affray, and Jack gave orders to have him thrown overboard. Then, looking about the deck, he said to Sharp, who was still at his side:

"This is strange—most confounded strange. I can't see into it at all."

"Let us look through the schooner and see what we have got," suggested Mr. Sharp.

Jack thought it about the best thing they could do, and as they went below they both said they were certain it was the corsair they had sighted from the masthead with their night-glasses, and by mistake had attacked the wrong schooner. The corsair was not far away, and would doubtless be roused by the attack. They found an elegant cabin below, and, entering it, saw on a center table great heaps of gold coin, diamonds and jewelry. The eyes of the midshipmen sparkled with pleasure and surprise. For an instant they stood glaring at the heaps of treasure before them, half believing that they had entered some enchanted place. Never had either beheld such wealth and splendor in their lives. Further investigation discovered to them books, charts, maps, and letters in the Spanish language, which began to explain everything to the midshipmen.

"I understand it now," Jack declared, bringing his fist with considerable force down upon the table.

"What is it?" asked Sharp, who thought he also understood it.

"This is a Spanish pleasure schooner owned by some rich old fellow from Spain, and has been captured by the pirates. They left that handful of rascals to plunder the ship, and they were engaged in that business when we came on them."

"I expect you are right."

"We must get everything we can gather up on short notice and leave this vessel, or run her in alongside the Terror, for the corsair is evidently not far away."

The midshipmen began an investigation, and Jack was so lucky as to find a decanter of wine in a closet. They were both a little weak and fatigued after their excitement and conflict, and each drained a glass. It was a superior quality of Madeira, and Sharp's eyes sparkled with extraordinary fire when he had finished his glass.

"That's enough, Sharp, not a drop more," said Jack, putting the decanter in the closet, locking it and thrusting the key in his pocket. "We cannot fool away any more time here, so go above and get the schooner ready to tow to the side of the Terror."

Sharp tipped his hat and left the cabin, and Jack, seating himself by the table on which lay a fortune in gold and precious stones, bowed his head in his hands. Already he felt very keenly

his chagrin at having captured the wrong vessel, but was doomed in the near future to feel it even more so. For some time after he had been left alone by Midshipman Sharp he sat bowed in thought.

"It beats all creation," he said, rubbing his hand across his brow. "There has been an immense blunder somewhere. We are the victors. We have whipped somebody like all creation, but hang me if I know who it is, or why we did it. And I'm not altogether certain that we have not attacked a neutral power."

Raising his head to gaze about the cabin, Jack discovered a door opening into another apartment, aft the one in which he was, and he determined to go and explore it. On entering it, he was not a little astonished to find himself in a lady's boudoir. There were rich dresses and numerous wearing apparel for a lady. A pair of dainty morocco slippers were at the side of the divan, and upon the wall hung the portrait of a pretty girl. Jack went to the next apartment and brought in a lighted tallow dip candle, and stood for a long time gazing on the beautiful picture.

Heavens! what large, dark, lustrous eyes! What ruby lips—what rosy cheeks, while the hair, black as midnight, hung in wavy masses about faultless shoulders white as snow. Long Jack stood, spellbound, before the bewitching picture. His lips parted, his breath came quickly, and his proud breast heaved with a strange emotion, such as he never felt before. Whose picture was that, that seemed to be smiling down upon him? Then he turned his eyes upon the dainty slippers and a small glove lying on a stand table.

"This is wonderful!" the Yankee middy at last gasped, after several moments' silent surprise. "There was a beautiful young lady aboard this ship, and Krilano has captured her. To think of one so young, so beautiful, tender, and fair, in the clutches of those black monsters is enough to drive one mad. She must be rescued from those rascals if I lose my life in the effort."

On the deck above the sailors were busy heaving anchor and getting ready to sail. The creak of cordage, the rattle of bolts, the flapping of sails told that they were making ready to go to the Terror. They dared not signal to the ketch, announcing what they had done, for by doing so they might arouse the pirate, which beyond doubt was slumbering somewhere near. The anchor was hawsed, Sharp was at the helm, and the prize began to move slowly through the dark waters. Midshipman Izzard still stood gazing in astonishment at the portrait, when the heavy boom of a cannon seemed to shake the earth to its center.

"What in the name of wonders does that mean?" he asked himself. Putting the candle on the table, he hurried up to the deck.

"Who fired that shot, Mr. Sharp?" he asked. "Did it come from our vessel?"

"No, sir," Sharp answered from his place at the wheel. "The shot came from our weather quarter, and unless I mistake the weight of the iron, it's the same gun that fired at us across the headland."

"The corsair!"

"Yes, sir."

The pirate had been roused like a sleeping lion, and was now in full chase, and the Americans

stretched every stitch of canvas, hoping to reach their own vessel before being overtaken. It was very risky business to attempt to run away in the darkness, where the waters were so treacherous, but to not run away was to insure the loss of their prize. A third, fourth, fifth and sixth shot was fired, making the sea and islands quake with echoes. In trying to make a passage between two islets the prize ran aground.

"It's too bad, Mr. Izzard," said a sailor named Reuben James. "What are we going to do now?"

It was folly to attempt to get the schooner off, for the pirate was drawing nearer every moment, hurling round shot, grape, and cannister into them as rapidly as they could load and fire.

"We will have to desert the prize," said Jack, after fully realizing their situation. "Take everything of value that you can, get into the boats, and pull for the Terror."

The gold and jewels were put into canvas bags and carried to the boats. The men picked up such trinkets as came in their way, Mr. Sharp carried off four bottles of Madeira, and Jack took with him the portrait, the slippers, and lady's glove. He left the elegant cabin in great haste, and did not notice that the candle had fallen to the floor and was igniting the carpet. They reached the Terror in safety, and as Jack was ascending to the deck of his vessel, he chanced to look behind him, when he saw vast sheets of flame ascending into the night, lighting up sea and sky. It was the prize on fire, revealing the pirate in the background.

CHAPTER VIII.—Trapped at Last.

"Man the long gun, and blow the infernal pirate out of the water!" roared Jack Izzard, leaping on the deck of the Terror.

Under the skillful management of Catalano, the Creek pilot, the Terror had glided over the dangerous waters until she was not more than half a mile from the corsair. The narrow, treacherous passage in which the burning schooner had grounded lay between them, however, and they could not pass through it. Sharp sprang to the Long Tom the moment he touched the deck, and, training it upon the corsair, now plainly revealed by the burning ship, cried:

"Fire!"

Reuben James applied the match, and a deafening report shook the sea. The heavy shot struck somewhere about the pirate's forecastle, and she immediately rounded to, and got a little farther out of the way. For an hour those vessels lay to, blazing away at each other with their long guns, as rapidly as they could load and fire, making the night hideous with the roar of artillery and flash of cannon. Then the guns of the corsair became suddenly silent, and when morning dawned she was nowhere to be seen. Jack was more eager than ever to capture the corsair. He was pacing the deck, thinking of the fight of the night before at long range, when he said:

"That girl was on the corsair we were shooting at last night. Heaven grant that she was uninjured by our shot. I wish we had not made that blunder, and carried the corsair instead of her

prize by the board. However, regrets are useless, and we can only do what to us seems best."

The officers shortly after daylight held a consultation to discuss their plans of pursuit.

"If we knew which way the corsair had gone, we would follow in his wake and never let up on him until he was ours," said Jack, who at the remembrance of the beautiful captive, was impatient to be after her captors.

"I think he can have gone but one way," said Sharp.

"Which way?" asked Jack.

"To the Adriatic."

Jack drew the chart before him, and for several moments studied closely the numerous islands and channels. Unless the pirate had tacked and sailed south of Sicily, which, from their position, was highly improbable, he had, doubtless, either made for the strait of Otranto or the Adriatic itself.

"Bring in Salvatore Catalano," said Jack to Sharp.

Sharp left the cabin, and soon returned with the famous pilot.

"See here, Catalano," said the midshipman, pointing to the chart before him, "this corsair has escaped us; now, where do you say he will be most likely found?"

The Greek bent over the chart, and for some time examined it very carefully; then he said:

"I think, Mr. Izzard, that in all probability Krilano has gone to the Adriatic Sea."

"That is your opinion?"

"It is. I don't think that there can be any possible doubt about it," answered the pilot.

"You are well acquainted with all these waters?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to steer for the Adriatic at once, crowd all sail and furl them not until we have the hound at the yardarm. They have a young woman prisoner on board that infernal craft who depends on us to save her."

"Very well, very well, Mr. Izzard; it shall be done, sir," answered the pilot, and touching his turban, he left the cabin.

"He is a trusty fellow," said Jack.

"He is, and brave as a lion. But what is this about a lady being a captive on board the corsair?" asked Gus Tyrol.

"Why, haven't you heard of my discovery?" asked Jack.

"Indeed, I have not."

"Well, do you see that portrait?" Jack asked, pointing to the portrait which he had hung upon the wall of the cabin.

Midshipman Tyrol gazed on it in amazement, and then Jack told him under what circumstances he had found it.

"There can be no doubt of it, Mr. Izzard," said Gus. "There is a young lady—the original of that portrait—on board the corsair a prisoner; and we will save her."

"Go on deck and see that every stick of canvas is spread to the breeze," said Jack, "and send the colored boy Tip down to me. I want him to fasten that portrait more securely on the wall."

The Terror was by this time under way. Left along Jack sat gazing in wonder and admiration

at the portrait. The door opened and Tip, the little Tripolitan ducky, entered.

"Wantee me?" he asked.

"Yes, Tip. I want you to get some cords and fix that portrait more securely upon the wall," said Jack, pointing to the picture which had charmed every one who saw it.

The active little ducky hastened to get the cords, and soon secured the picture firmly in its place, and then stood back grinning at it in admiration.

"Do you know it, Tip?" Jack asked. "Dd you ever see any one who resembles it?"

Tip shook his woolly head and grinned with his eyes still fixed on the picture.

"Isn't she beautiful, Tip?"

"Berry pooty—they berry pooty. She be berry sweet."

"Well, Tip, we are going to find the girl from whom that picture was made. She is aboard the cruel corsair, and this portrait will stimulate the arm of every man aboard our vessel to fight like a lion for her."

Again Tip nodded his woolly head and grinned.

"Will you fight, Tip?"

"Yes—berry big fight."

"I am glad to learn that you will. Did you ever fight?"

"We fight much in Tripoli."

"So you have been in Tripoli. I had forgotten that you were a slave who had escaped those barbarians. Where did you originally come from, Tip?"

"Ethiopia."

"So I remember now to have heard. Did you ever see any white men in Tripoli?"

"Berry much. Me see prisoners there—berry much prisoners."

"Where do they keep them?" Jack asked, hoping to get the little Ethiopian to tell something that might be interesting and useful to him in the future. Little did Jack dream that he was about to touch the key to the problem of his own life, or dream of how much advantage the information would soon be to him.

"In great big dungeons," the black boy answered. "Allee stone. Cover ground; dig big hole, make big dark house, and put Amerikanos in it."

"Have many been there very long?"

"Yes; some berry long. One man he stay there—been many year—oh, so many year! He old man—he gray. Long white hair hang down over he shoulder, and he stoop so. He beard so long and white. He have no clothes hardly, and live in dungeon until he be almost blind."

"Do you know who he is?" asked Jack, not a little moved at the rude, simple narrative which Tip had given him of the horror and misery of the dungeon. Most especially was he interested in the sufferings of this miserable old man.

"He Amerikano," answered Tip. "Big sailor, and own ship."

"And was captured by these pirates?"

"Oh, yes; so long ago. He bad. He looks berry bad."

The Yankee middy was almost overcome by the recital. He bowed his head in his hands and asked himself if American arms would ever be able to release those wretched prisoners from this

dungeon. Oh, how he longed to go to that white-haired old prisoner and strike off his shackles! He was about to question the little Ethiopian further, when the cry of

"Sail ho!" caused him to start to his feet and hasten upon deck.

"What is it, Sharp?" he asked of that gentleman, who was standing on the forecastle.

"We are not near enough to make her out yet," he answered.

"Where is it?"

For answer Sharp pointed to what seemed to be only a speck on the horizon. Seizing his glass, Midshipman Izzard hastened to the forecross trees, where he was not slow in making out the speck to be a sail.

"What do you say of it, Gus?" Jack asked Midshipman Tyrol, who had accompanied him.

After a long, careful examination of the sail, Gus Tyrol said:

"I believe it is the pirate."

"I believe so, too, and on the strength of our belief we will give chase."

They hastily descended to the deck, and every sail was spread to the breeze. All day long the chase lasted, but during the night it was lost. Next day the American ketch beat up the strait of Otranto, and entered the Adriatic. Late in the evening they espied a vessel off Antivari. It was creeping stealthily around a bit of headland, and Jack at once knew it to be the corsair.

"Sharp, Tyrol, quick!" cried Midshipman Izzard to his two companions, who were near the main hatch.

"There she is—do you see her?" pointing to the corsair. "Fairly trapped at last. She is in the inlet, where the Terror can hold her, while we man the boats and cut her out. Come, boys, don your brass hats, for there is more work to do."

"It was soon so dark they could not see the corsair. The Americans again put on their helmets, and the two boats were lowered, filled, and manned as before. This time Catalano was brought along as interpreter. As the boats impelled by muffled oars glided through the water, Jack thought:

"She shall be rescued to-night, or I will never return to the Terror alive!"

CHAPTER IX.—Capturing the Corsair.

Eager, determined, and filled with a strange delight, that he was so near accomplishing at last the object of this cruise, Jack Izzard stood erect in the bow of his boat, almost reckless in his boldness. The boats glided swiftly forward under the steady strokes of the sturdy oarsmen. Each sailor clutching deadly weapons awaits the coming of the contest. Through darkness and silence the boats glide, while the thoughts of their occupants with the speed of the wind fly back across the ocean to the homes and faces they may never more behold, and in this hour of peril they seem to hear those loved voices which may never again greet their ears. Death has its terrors to all men.

They being so low in the water, could not see

the dark, low hull of the corsair. All about them the darkness seemed to momentarily thicken, and at last Jack discovered that they could not see an oar's length ahead.

"Sharp?" he called to his lieutenant, in an undertone.

"Ay—ay!" came the cautious answer from the deepest pitchlike darkness on his left.

"A fog is rising."

"Yes, sir, and it bids fair to be a dense one, midshipman. It will now require all our skill to find the pirate."

"Keep straight ahead, and trust to luck."

The fog had beyond doubt put a damper on Jack's spirits. There was not only danger of their missing the corsair, but lost in the fog, they might not be able to find their own schooner until daylight, when they would be in their open boats, exposed to the fire of the corsair's guns. They were in a desperate situation, but they were desperate men and equal to the emergency. Jack occasionally spoke cheerfully to his crew, and urged them to keep at their oars.

"We have gone past the corsair now," the Greek pilot said.

"I fear we have," Jack answered.

"I am sure that every stroke we make takes us that much farther from it."

"I do not know what to do, unless we lay to and listen, or cruise about in these waters some."

"Lay to there," said Jack. "Mr. Sharp, where are you?"

"Here!" calling only a few feet away.

"Lay to a moment and listen."

The boatmen rested on their oars, and the two boats drifted with the current, which was very strong. Suddenly a voice was heard in the darkness.

"Sharp, did you hear that?" Jack asked.

"I did."

"Where is it—from what point?"

"On our larboard."

"Steady," said the Greek, "I hear those voices."

"Do you understand their language?" asked Jack.

"I do."

"What are they?" Jack asked.

"They are Tripolitans."

"It's the corsair!" said Jack joyfully.

"Whist, Mr. Izzard!" said the cautious pilot, seizing the arm of the anxious midshipman. "They may hear you, and we'd lose all hope of making a surprise."

"Can you distinctly hear them?" Jack asked the Greek pilot, who was bending an ear to the hum of voices.

"Yes, every word."

"What are they talking about?"

After a few moments' silence Catalano said:

"It seems to be two of the watch, who are talking about being chased."

"Then they may have suspicions of our proximity."

"No, I think not," the Greek answered, after several moments' silence. "I think they refer either to our former chase, or some subsequent chase they may have had."

Then he listened a moment longer, and said:

"They seem to have a friend near—a Turkish man-o'-war."

"A Turkish man-o'-war!" said Jack, his breath coming quick. Well it might, for should there be a Turkish man-o'-war near, and should it decide to befriend the corsair, all hope of making an open fight against it must be abandoned. "Listen," said Jack in a whisper, "listen carefully and you may be able to hear how near the Turkish man-o'-war is to them."

After a brief silence, during which the Greek pilot listened to the low sound of voices in the darkness, he answered:

"They are not near; at least, not very near."

"Do you think, then, that we will have Krilano alone to fight?"

"Yes."

"Then, boys, we will go into it," said the young commander, his face all aglow with the glorious hope of battle.

The gentle murmur of voices plainly indicated the direction of the corsair, and the sailors once more silently bent to their oars, and the boats glided onward in the fog and darkness toward the corsair. Jack with the copper helmets drawn down upon his head, stood with cutlass in hand in the bow of his boat, trying to pierce the darkness with his eyes. Soon a dark mass rose up before them, which, as they rapidly advanced through the fog, quickly assumed the shape of a vessel. The hull, masts and spires of the corsair loomed up before them. Nearer and nearer they drew, until one of the watch hailed them in the Tripolitan tongue.

"Ay, ay, we are friends," answered Salvatore Catalano, the pilot and interpreter.

Jack, to his surprise, saw half a dozen dark heads at once appear above the rail.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" some one from the pirate deck asked.

"We come from your friend, the Turkish man-o'-war," the interpreter answered.

There was a momentary buzz on the deck of the corsair, and Catalano was not slow in discovering that he had made a serious mistake. Heads by the score appeared along the rail, and it was evident that he was not believed.

"Keep off!" a voice shouted. That deep hoarse voice at which the sea seemed to quake was none other than Krilano, the corsair chief. "Keep off, or we will fire into you!"

"Forward, my hearties; up and board of her!" shouted Jack.

Several shots from the deck above were followed by a rattling crash of pistol shots, but the bullets flew over the heads of the boatmen who were too low in the water to be good targets. The next moment the boats were at the corsair, and the bow chains and mizzen rigging which were quite low were filled with Americans.

"Forward, my brave lads; sweep them from the face of the earth!" cried Jack, taking the lead. The Yankee midgy now well understood that they had no easy victory. The hardest fight they had ever had was before them. With but one thought, that of victory, the young midshipman leaped up the rigging, and his head soon appeared above the taffrail. Clang, clang! fell two steel blades upon his strange helmet, but it proved strong enough to resist them. Another sword struck it as he leaped astride the rail, but while the blade

was shivered like glass, the helmet protected Jack's head.

All around him the Yankee midgy could see his brave followers leaping to the rail and deck, with cutlasses in their teeth, and pistols in their hands. Their appearance was the signal for two volleys at close quarters. One American fell back in the water, and five or six corsairs sank down upon the deck, while as many more ran away howling with pain. The Americans, with tremendous cheers, sprang upon deck, discharging their pistols as they came. They were well supplied, some having four or five in their belts. The constant flashes and reports of firearms seemed to frighten the corsairs, who were really taken by surprise, and in the darkness they imagined the number of Americans to be much greater than they were.

Krilano, the corsair chief, saw with some degree of alarm the effect the surprise was having upon his crew. Four or five of them were already killed, twice as many wounded, and all the remainder badly demoralized. He tried his best to rally them. The hoarse thunder of his voice could be heard above the roar of battle, but all in vain. They were panic-stricken, and already retreating before the furious assault of the Americans.

"You will swing for this at the yardarm if you allow yourselves to be taken!" Krilano thundered.

His sailors made an effort to rally, but it was useless; they were hopelessly demoralized. Jack Izzard made several attempts to cross blades with the corsair chief before he finally succeeded in doing so. The corsair made a furious blow at Jack, which he being unable to parry, fell with terrific force upon the copper helmet. Full six inches of the corsair's blade was broken off, and Jack momentarily stunned. He recovered almost instantly and closed in with the pirate. The corsair had the advantage in height, strength and skill, but Jack was fully as daring and cool as he, and having a sound blade in his hand, he fought with great determination and desperation, so that he kept Krilano constantly on the defensive. His pirates were deserting him every moment, leaping overboard into the water, and he found his blood flowing from a dozen wounds; yet the corsair chief fought with an energy of despair. He was almost alone upon his ship, surrounded by angry Americans, and on every hand gleamed thirsty swords.

"Don't touch him!" cried Jack, who alone was fighting the mighty corsair chief. "Keep back, keep back! Leave him alone to me. I will attend to him!"

But it was useless to attempt to keep back that surging, angry mass of Americans flushed with victory. The great corsair chief who had defied the civilized world for so long was almost in their power, and with deafening shouts they crowded about the combatants, each anxious to take a hand in his death or capture. To all commands to surrender and save his life Krilano was deaf. He evidently determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and though weak and faint from loss of blood, he still continued to fight. Beyond a doubt he would have fought until he was hacked to pieces, had not Mr. Sharp seized a belaying pin which he found on deck, and at a blow felled him senseless to the deck. His bro-

ken sword fell from his hands, and Jack gave orders to have him securely bound before he recovered. The corsair schooner was now in possession of the Americans.

CHAPTER X.—The Spaniard and His Daughter.

"Mr. Izzard," said Catalano, "do you intend to explore the prize?"

"I do, and at once."

"You will want some lanterns."

"Yes; bring a pair, Catalano."

The Greek hastened away. In the glory and pride of the youthful conqueror, there came troubled doubts and fears to his breast, in regard to the original of that beautiful portrait which he had brought from the burning vessel. Was she on board the pirate craft? Would he ever see the real soft dark eyes which on canvas had so entranced him? Jack would not for the world have admitted that the sweet face of the unknown portrait brought from the Spanish vessel had made such a wonderful effect upon him. While Catalano was hunting the lanterns, which, being on a strange vessel, took some time, the youthful commander walked nervously up and down the fore deck. His crew stood about in groups, waiting for orders.

Mr. Sharp approached Jack and, touching his cap to his superior in command, asked:

"What orders have you to give?"

"How many have we lost?"

"One missing and four wounded."

"Let the wounded be cared for."

"And the prize?"

"We can do nothing with it until daylight. We will have to remain on board and run in alongside our own craft when daylight comes, and this confounded fog rolls away."

"The dead corsairs?"

"Throw them overboard—let them make food for the fishes."

"Ay, ay."

"Have the deck scrubbed and cleaned."

"It shall all be done before dawn of day, sir," said Mr. Sharp, and touching his cap again, he hurried to the after part of the prize.

Salvatore Catalano now came up with a pair of lanterns, and they proceeded to thoroughly explore the schooner. On approaching one of the cabin doors they found it locked and barricaded. Jack tried the door, then struck upon it with the back of his sword, demanding surrender and admission.

"It may be empty," said the Greek.

"No; there is some one in there," Jack answered.

"Who can it be—Corsairs?"

"It may—and it may not. Do not get in front of the door, for whoever it is may send a bullet through it at us."

The Greek approached the door, keeping well to one side, and speaking in the Tripolitan tongue, and called them to answer. A man's voice answered in a tongue which both the listeners recognized as Spanish, but which neither understood.

"We don't understand that," said Jack, loud

enough to be heard by those within. "Try some other language, won't you?"

"Can you speak English?" asked a voice, which to the enraptured ears of the young midshipman sounded like the sweetest music he had ever heard. The voice was evidently the voice of a young girl.

"We can all speak English," Jack hastened to answer.

"Who are you?"

"Americans."

"What caused those sounds of conflict?"

"We boarded the corsair and have captured it," Jack returned. "If you were prisoners, which I suppose you were, you can consider yourselves at liberty."

A glad cry came from within the cabin, and the girl could be heard translating what he said to some one within the apartment.

"They are prisoners, Catalano," said Jack. "Those people in there were taken from the first vessel we captured. The one who speaks is the original of my portrait."

The Greek smiled and asked the midshipman how he could tell by her voice that she was the original of the portrait. Jack informed him that he knew it by logical reasoning. But by this time those within had decided to admit them. The barricades were removed, and the door unbolted and unlocked. Jack was first to enter the cabin, which was luxuriantly furnished, and lighted by a golden candelabra. A man past middle age, whose pale face and emaciated form indicated that he was an invalid, stood in the center of the room holding a sword in his hand. By his side, holding to his arm, but whether to support herself or the old man at her side, they could not determine, was the exact counterpart of Jack Izzard's portrait. Never had he seen such large, dark, beautiful eyes, or a face so sweet and pretty as he beheld in the little Spanish senorita before him. Her face was very pale, and she as well as her father had evidently suffered. Jack and Salvatore Catalano stood for a moment gazing on the picture before them, and then the midshipman was the first to speak.

"How long have you been in this cabin?" he asked.

"Four days," the girl answered, for it was evident that the old man could not speak English, "three days of which have been passed without food."

"How was that?" asked Jack. "Did the villains coop you up in here to starve you to death?"

"No, sir; we cooped ourselves up," she answered. "Krilano captured us several days ago when we were sailing in our schooner for my father's health——"

"Wait a moment, young lady," said Jack, interrupting the senorita. "You are almost starved, I see, and before you proceed any further with your story, wait until food has been brought for yourself and father."

"Thank you, senor, thank you."

She sighed and sank down upon a rich Turkish divan. Jack despatched Catalano to examine the ship's larder and bring sufficient of the best food that could be found, and give it to the don and his daughter. Salvatore had not been gone a great while before he returned with sea biscuit

cakes, wine and fruits sufficient to supply the wants of half a dozen people. Jack brought up a center table, had the food placed upon it, and drawing up two divans, informed the senorita that they would retire to attend to some duties with reference to taking the captured prize alongside their own vessel while they ate, and that he would return soon. He went above and found that Mr. Sharp was attending to everything necessary. The Tripolitan colors had been supplanted by the American flag.

Jack busied himself for half an hour, seeing that everything was in readiness to join their own vessel as soon as it was light enough to sail. The Greek was ordered to take his place at the wheel and remain there. The moment it was light enough, he was to order the anchor heaved and steer for the Terror. Jack went below, where he found the old Spanish don and his lovely daughter quite refreshed after their meal. The Yankee midddy asked Donna Lina Castillo to proceed with her story. The reader already knows of their capture. She informed Jack that Krilano had determined that she should become his wife, and that her father, armed with a sword and brace of pistols, took advantage of a momentary negligence on the part of the buccaneer guard, and hurried her to the cabin, where for four days they had defended themselves, three days without food. As she finished, Jack noticed through the small round window and skylight that day was beginning to dawn. He had just assured her that they were safe when the creaking of the capstan reached his ear. The door opened and Mr. Sharp entered, his face exceedingly pale.

"A sail had just been discovered," he said. "It is coming toward us, and the pilot fears it is the Turkish man-o'-war."

Jack said nothing, but with a face a little paler than usual went up on deck.

The vessel proved to be a Turkish man of war, which came up rapidly. As soon as she got within firing distance and saw our friends' colors she opened on them with her guns. A shot struck the corsair and she was forced to run aground or sink. As they were now in what was called the Narrows and the water was quite shallow she was soon aground and the crew had taken to the boats and were pulling toward the Terror. The Spaniard and his daughter and Krilano had the day before been transferred to Jack's vessel.

CHAPTER XI.—In the City with Tip.

Jack Izzard stood near the stern sheet of the Terror, encouraging his friends, who, having taken to their boats, were pulling for life. The Turk had come up to within point-blank shot of the stranded schooner and laying broadside to it, began belching forth fire and iron hail from her double deck guns. The solid shot, grape and canister could be heard ripping up the stranded ship's deck. The Terror was behind a point of land and partially protected, though an occasional solid shot whizzed uncomfortably close to her.

"Huzzah, my brave lads!" cried Jack, as the boats containing the Americans from the stranded schooner came alongside. "Up quick, my

hearties, we've got no time to lose! Here, Mr. Sharp," he added, as that gentleman sprang upon the deck, "point that long gun at the head of that man-o'-war that is just gliding around the headland. She is well loaded and shotted. Now you have her."

Sharp sighted the gun, and then gave the command to fire. The boom of the cannon awoke the slumbering echoes of the wooded islands. Jack was watching the effect of the shot, uttered a shout, as he saw a shower of splinters fly from the starboard bulwark. The man-o'-war evidently did not dare to venture into the Narrows, for she came no farther. For almost the entire distance, however, the American ketch ran the gauntlet of a heavy cannonade, but not a ball struck the saucy little Yankee vessel. It was dark when they got through the Narrows, but the night was mild, the sky clear, wind fair, and, spreading the sail, the Yankees left the dangerous Turk and far more dangerous waters far behind.

"That is rather impudent in a Turkish man-o'-war," said Gus Tyrol, when they were beyond range of her long guns.

"The Sultan of Turkey may have to answer for this outrage. Those confounded Turks have been in sympathy with the Tripolitans all the time; but this is carrying it too far," said Jack.

"Look, look—the prize is on fire!"

A bright sheet of flame could be seen issuing up from between the two islands. The flame was from the prize which the Turks had either purposely set on fire or it had caught from the discharge of the cannon.

"That puts an end to the corsair," said Jack sadly. "I am sorry that we could not have taken her to the fleet as proof positive of the capture."

"We will have the proof in the person of Krilano, the pirate chief," said Gus Tyrol.

Jack had scarce thought of the corsair since his capture, but now in company with Gus Tyrol and the Greek interpreter, they went down to the apartment where the prisoner lay. He was very despondent and refused to talk with them.

"Confound him," said Gus, as they ascended the companion ladder, "I believe he is going to die to spite us! They say he refuses to eat."

"He can fast then until we reach the fleet. The probabilities are that he will stretch hemp, anyway."

Jack next paid a visit to the Spaniard and his daughter, who were delighted to learn that they had escaped from the Turkish man-o'-war. The senorita seemed to have acquired new charms in Jack's eyes, and when he remembered that she owed her liberty to himself, he seemed to be in part repaid for the loss of the corsair vessel. The remainder of the voyage was made without any incident worthy of mention. The commodore had begun to regret that he had given the midshipman the commission for his dangerous enterprise. He was most agreeably surprised one morning to behold the saucy little American ketch come gallantly into the harbor, where the fleet lay. His astonishment was still greater when he received the official report of the youthful commander of the ketch, and he hastened on board it, to meet the victorious Yankee midddy and his crew. The commodore was introduced to the Spanish don and his daughter, and after a very

pleasant interview in which both extolled the gallantry and good judgment of Jack Izzard, the commodore next called on the captive corsair chief. Krilano had regained his speech to some extent, and answered through the interpreter some of the questions propounded to him by the commodore.

"You have done well, my lad," said the commodore, as he met Jack on the deck of the ketch, after his interview. "You have accomplished a most wonderful feat, and it shall not be forgotten. Report on board my flagship at your own convenience, for after such a masterly cruise as you have made, I shall be pleased to give you some privileges."

"Commodore," said Jack, "I have another favor to ask of you."

"What is it, my lad? I will never tire of granting favors when they are so highly appreciated and productive of so much good as those in the past have been."

"I want a leave of absence."

"What! Just when we are getting ready to invest the Tripolitan town? Do you wish to go away with the don and his daughter?"

"You mistake, commodore," said Jack, blushing. "I do not wish anything of the kind. I have a project in view which I think will make the entrance of our fleet into the harbor easy, and I want to have a leave of absence granted to myself and the colored boy Tip."

"What do you mean?" asked the commodore.

"To play the part of a spy."

"Why, lad, such a madcap enterprise cannot be thought of for a moment!" said the commodore.

"Commodore, you have trusted me before, and I have never disappointed you, or betrayed your trust; can you not trust me in this enterprise? My heart is set upon it."

It took no little persuasion to obtain the consent of the commodore, but at last he gave it. Jack then made a short call upon the don and the senorita, who were next day to be transferred to the commodore's flagship until an opportunity should afford itself to send them to Spain. The midshipman's interview with the senorita was a long one. He related to her his strange history, and finally concluded by informing her of his determination. The senorita was considerably frightened since she learned that he was going to enter the beleaguered city, and tried to dissuade him, but without avail.

He said they hoped they would meet again, and if it was her pleasure, when the war was over, he would hunt her up. She expressed an urgent desire to know him better, and both herself and the father extended to him a very cordial invitation for him to visit them at their manor in Spain. That night Jack and Tip, in a small sail-boat, quitted the fleet, with only three days' rations. The American fleet had been blockading the entrance to the port for some time, hoping the day would come to some terms and release the American prisoners; but without avail. The boat, under cover of darkness, passed the entrance, and Jack laid low in the hull, while Tip, who was not only a good pilot, but thoroughly acquainted with the harbor, ran the boat into the port, on up past the gunboats, the frowning guns of the fort, until they landed at a tall pier. His

act might seem like one of sheer madness, but Jack determined on playing a bold part. He was disguised as a Turk, and had colored his skin a shade darker than it was to carry out the disguise.

Of course, he was unable to speak the language, but had decided to play the part of a mute, and Tip, who understood most of the languages of the Barbary States, was along to make full explanations for him to the Tripolitans. True his plan was decidedly bold, but in its very boldness lay his safety. In the darkness of the night they reached the foot of the pier and climbed to the top unseen, and then wandered along the curious docks for some time unchallenged. At last they came to a narrow, dark street. Tip pulled the pretended Turk by the sleeve and whispered:

"Let us go this way."

"Tip," Jack whispered, as they groped their way up the narrow, dirty street, "do you know where this street leads?"

"Yes, me t'ink me do. Been here many time, but be's berry dark," the Ethiopian answered.

Before they were hardly aware of what they were doing they had run into a gang of Tripolitans, Tip's head striking one with such force as to send him to the ground. With yells and strange articulations which denoted both surprise and anger, they surrounded the adventurers. Only the faint outlines of the monsters could be seen, but the pale starlight above fell upon two or three flashing blades. For a few moments the air was filled with angry voices, and Jack thought his last moment was come. Tip was seized and shaken severely. He heard him talking very rapidly with the dark men by whom they were surrounded. The Mussulmen were exceedingly angry, and Tip very plaintive in his appeals. At last they were allowed to proceed.

"Who were they, Tip?" Jack whispered, when they had passed them.

"Big sailors."

"What did they say to you?"

"Heap mad—cut head off."

"What did you tell them?"

"Tell 'em whole pack o' lies. Be very good Mussulman. Goin' uptown to carry order to dey."

"Do you think they had any suspicion who we were, Tip?"

"Dey—no—no suspicion. If do, dey cut head off—all too soon."

"Well, Tip, I hope we may always be as successful as we were in this last encounter."

"Hope berry much so, too."

Their conversation had been carried on in a low tone. No one was in earshot, and for the present the Yankee midddy knew they were safe. But it would not always be night. Day would dawn after a while, and his character as the dumb Turk would have to be sustained under the glare of the sun. The Yankee midddy would require all his nerve and presence of mind for this terrible ordeal. They finally came to where the narrow, dirty street seemed to have an abrupt termination, and they were in a sort of a square or market place. There was a great broad shed just in front of them, under which a score of camels were lying on some straw.

"We go dar—we sleep dar," said Tip, leading Jack to the shed.

Jack hesitated about choosing camels for bed fellows, but Tip told him that he had slept with them many a time, and he suffered himself to be led between two of the great hump-backed creatures, and lay down by the side of Tip. All was quiet. Gradually Jack overcame his fears of the monster at his side rolling over on him, and being considerably fatigued, fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII.—Discovered and Sentenced.

It was broad day and the sun was shining brightly before Jack Izzard awoke. The little Ethiopian still slept. Jack rose to a sitting position and turned his eyes upon the great camel which lay at his side still chewing his cud. For the time being he had almost forgotten where he was and it was some moments before he could gather up his scattered faculties. When he realized that he had penetrated the enemy's lines, and was even now within the walls of their city, he could not repress a shudder.

"Tip, Tip," he said, seizing the little Ethiopian and shaking him, "wake up! Are you going to sleep all day?"

Tip started up, rubbed his eyes and pulled his turban back from over his face. He stared about him for a moment in a dull, stupefied manner, and then realizing where they were, gave utterance to a grunt. Half a dozen Arabs came to the shed and began beating the camels to make them get up. Tip motioned Jack, and they both rose and got out of the way. These dusky sons of the desert were villainous-looking Bedouins, who were merchants when they were in the city, and robbers on the sandy plain. One of them ran at Jack with an ugly-looking cimeter in his hand and gave utterance to some strange words. Jack, of course, did not understand a word that he uttered, and not forgetting even while menaced with the keen blade the part he had determined on playing, he pointed to his mouth and shook his head. There was one among them who spoke the Tripolitan language, and to him Tip explained that Jack was a Turk, and a mute.

This man interpreted what the Ethiopian had said to the only Arab who understood his language, and he told the story to the others. For several moments the Arabs chatted together, and then without another word one of them seized his whip and began beating the little Ethiopian.

"My time will surely come next," Jack thought, and began to run away from the Arabs. As soon as Tip could escape from the Arab, he followed, and they ran up another narrow, dirty street for a few hundred feet, and halted.

"Are they following us?" Jack asked.

"No—no come," Tip answered. "They be 'fraid we thieves."

"Is that all," said Jack, with a sigh of relief. "If we are only suspected of being a pair of thieves, we can stand it; but I am afraid that they will come to the opinion that I am an American."

"No—no think that—be Turk—be dumb Turk," said the Ethiopian.

"Well, Tip, how are we going to get a bite of

breakfast?" said Jack. "I am beginning to feel hungry."

Jack must have had a keen appetite to think of breakfast when he was surrounded on every hand by one of the cruelest, most bloodthirsty enemies the world has perhaps ever known. At any moment he might be discovered—discovery meant either an immediate or subsequent death. He might be seized upon and torn to pieces by these bloodthirsty Tripolitans, who, now that they were hemmed in and beleaguered by the Americans, were growing furious. The prospects for breakfast were not very flattering. Dark-skinned Turks, Tripolitans, and Arabs were hurrying hither and thither in every direction. There was excitement on their dark faces, and they jostled against the American and his little guide.

"Me no see breakfast to eat," said the Ethiopian.

"Find some, and I will give you the money to buy it," said Jack.

They did not know that a big black fellow, with long straight hair and large eyes of midnight darkness, was watching them from behind a pile of bales of goods. One could not tell whether his suspicions were aroused or not, but his curiosity at least was awakened at sight of the two. As they resumed their wanderings about the city the great black-eyed rascal watched them, and without seeming to do so, ever kept close after them.

"There," said Jack, "is a place where fruits are sold. I see dates and figs. Go and buy some, and some loaves of barley bread also."

The Yankee middy handed the little Ethiopian some American and British coin, the only kind of money he had, and sent him after the food. Tip was eyed closely by the old fruit vender as he advanced and selected the fruits he wished to purchase. When he threw down the coins the old fellow looked at him curiously. Jack, who was watching the little fellow, turned suddenly for a few moments, hesitated, and at last took them.

"Confound it, we have made a blunder!" the Yankee middy mentally ejaculated the moment he saw the old fruiterer look suspiciously at the coin. "That American money is going to betray us."

The little Ethiopian hurried away with the food, too hungry to notice the strange glances cast after him by the old fruit vender. He had not gone a dozen paces before the tall, dark-skinned Tripolitan came to the stall and asked to see the money the Ethiopian had left. He gazed at it for a moment, his great, dark eyes gleaming with a strange light.

"Amerikanos!" he hissed through his teeth.

The fruit vender started back and stared at the coin as if it was bewitched. He then talked with the tall, dark fellow for a few moments, when the latter went away to another part of the city, where he met some of the officers of the dey. Here he halted and had a long talk with them. The Yankee middy had not been blind to the strange maneuvers of the tall Tripolitan. His manner was so decidedly curious and threatening to the American that he even followed him, and saw him engaged in conversation with the black-bearded officers of the dey.

"Tip, that money has got us into trouble," said Jack.

"How so?"

"They have discovered that it is American coin, and are now discussing it. Well, we are in for it, and I'm puzzled to tell just what course to pursue."

He was hungry, and be the result of this secret consultation whatever it might, Jack felt that a good breakfast would be of great advantage to him, so he told Tip to lead the way to some obscure spot, where they could eat their bread and fruit. The little fellow led him to a retired spot beneath a large palm, behind some low sheds, where they sat down and breakfasted without interruption. They had just completed their breakfast, and were about to rise, when they saw a caravan of camels and Arabs go by.

"Where are they going, Tip?" asked Jack.

"To de desert."

"Why could we not escape the same way? It is not far to Fezzan."

The Ethiopian looked up and smiled, and said:

"No, no; no go; we find not'ing to eat—no water dlink—all sand and hot. We stay here—be killed first."

Tip had evidently seen enough of the desert, and did not care to venture upon the great sandy plain.

Jack had been able as yet to get but a very poor view of the enemy's fortifications. Could he succeed in shaking off that tall Tripolitan who followed him like a shadow, he intended going down to the bay and view the forts and vessels. They had just started from the palm tree when they discovered a dozen black-skinned, white-turbaned Tripolitans running toward them. Each was armed with a long musket with daggers and pistols in his belt, and resistance was useless.

Jack turned boldly about and faced them, making signs that he was dumb, pointing to Tip and imitating that he could talk. Tip, however, was frightened almost to death by the savage demeanor of the Tripolitans. He shrank back from the man who addressed him and hesitated before saying anything. Then speaking in the Tripolitan tongue, he said:

"He is a Turk who is dumb."

"Who are you?" asked the savage leader of the band.

"I am his slave."

"You both lie. Where did you get the coin of the Amerikanos?"

To this poor Tip hesitated. His dull brain could suggest no answer. He turned his eyes helplessly upon Jack and asked:

"What me say, Mr. Izzard? What poor Tip speak? How we get the coin?"

This blunder was amply sufficient to cause their arrest. The leader made a signal and all his band threw themselves upon the Yankee middy and Tip. So sudden was the assault that not a moment's time was given for preparation for defense. Jack snatched a pistol from his pocket, but before he could draw the hammer it was wrung from his hand, and he was hurled to the earth with such violence as to almost knock the breath from his body. He supposed his last moment had come, but to his surprise he was not injured; his hands were tied behind him and he

was lifted to his feet. With Tip following, they were marched down the principal street to a great stone building, which was the palace of the dey. Into a dingy hall, up a flight of steps into a great dingy room, where were a number of black fellows around another black fellow seated on a sort of throne or court bench.

Jack seemed to be called forward, and a sort of a trial gone through. There were a large number of persons speaking in an unknown tongue. He looked around to see Tip, but he had not been brought in. The men with muskets came to lead him away. He knew that he had been condemned, and was being led to execution.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Prisoner.

Jack was confined in a dungeon. The next day as the jailer had left him his dinner he inadvertently forgot to fasten the iron door in a secure manner and the consequence was that Jack walked out. He had not walked far before he came upon a guard leading Tip along. He jumped behind a pillar and as the pair passed him he dealt the guard a blow that put him hors de combat. Then Jack and Tip went on a tour of investigation.

They were wandering up the corridor when a deep, hollow groan from one of the cells startled them.

"Who is in there?" asked Jack.

"Be one de prisoners," said Tip.

Jack then went to the door, and after trying many of the keys, found one that would fit. The dungeon cell was very dark, and after a while his eyes became accustomed to it, and he saw sitting on a pile of damp, moldy straw a miserable old man clothed in rags, and bowed down with heavy chains. His long, white beard reached almost to his waist, and the hair hanging from the side of his head almost to his shoulders was of the same whiteness, while the top of his head was quite bald.

"Kill me, kill me!" he groaned, "and get me out of this misery!"

"We are friends," said Jack. "We have come to rescue you, not to kill you."

"Ah, who are you that speak my language?"

"Americans," said Jack, unlocking his chains and throwing them aside.

We neglected to say that Jack had gone through the guard's pockets who was conducting Tip and had taken a bunch of keys from them. One of these fitted the locks on the chains with which the prisoner was loaded down.

"'Tis the first voice I have heard speaking my native tongue. 'Tis the first time these limbs have been free of chains since I have been here," said the prisoner.

"How long have you been a prisoner here?" Jack asked.

"A great many years. So long—oh, so long. I can hardly remember now, but I had come to the conclusion I never more could be at liberty."

"Give us your history," said Jack, his interest in the old man growing.

"It is short and full of horror. It was many

years ago—it may be eighteen, twenty or more; I cannot say, for I have lost all power of reckoning since I came here—that I was a master on board an American merchantman. I had been a privateer during the war with England. I was one day beating along the coast of New England when a storm suddenly burst upon us.

"Our vessel ran onto a rock, and I soon realized that we were doomed. A boat was lowered, and I placed my wife in it. The boat was soon filled with so many that I could not venture in it, so I handed my baby boy to a faithful sailor named Izzard. He took his handkerchief, and tying it about the child, lashed it to himself.

"I sprang into a second boat, but was driven to sea and picked up almost starving and helpless. The ship which took me in was bound for the Mediterranean, and I could not prevail on them to take me back to the American coast. My only hope was to take passage in some ship we might meet, but we met none. We came to the Mediterranean, were captured by the Tripolitans, and I brought here.

"Here I have been ever since, and do not know what the fate of my poor wife and child was."

Jack was greatly agitated by the story. It was several moments before he could speak, and then he said:

"Do you know whether the sailor's handkerchief had any letters on it?"

"It had his name, Izzard, upon it."

"Father—father, you are my father!" sobbed Jack, throwing his arms about the old man's neck. The prisoner's astonishment exceeded all bounds. It was not until Jack had told his story, and ended by saying:

"A handkerchief was found about my neck on which was the name Izzard," that he could realize that his rescuer was in reality his son.

"My son, my son, can it be true? Are we safe now—are we safe?"

"No, father, we have many dangers to encounter yet, but a fate that has been so kind to us in the past will not desert us now."

"No, no."

"We will make a bold stroke for liberty."

Our adventurers locked themselves in the cell until dark, when they emerged, and after many long rambles groped their way to the great iron door which was the entrance to the great hall. The great door was unlocked and unbolted, and they went out into the open air. Slowly and carefully they wended their way toward the bay.

They reached the boat, which was still there, they sprang into it and pulled away amid a shower of musket balls unharmed, passed beyond the harbor, where Jack introduced his father to the commodore. Jack's father was Captain Richard Howard, and proved to be an old friend and acquaintance of the commodore, whom he had long supposed sleeping beneath the ocean.

the rocks, and were lying there in two divisions; one near the eastern, and the other near the western entrance, half a mile apart. Jack's escape had been reported to the dey, and had put the city in great alarm. At half-past twelve the Constitution wore with her head offshore, and signalled the other vessels to come within hail, and by half-past one the line of ships were bombarding the fleet and port. Jack's father had been sent to the flag-ship of the commodore, but Jack had joined the gallant Decatur, who was the hero of the fight. Decatur ran upon one of the gunboats and carried her by the board, a portion of the Turks were piked and bayoneted, while the others either submitted or leaped into the water. No sooner had Decatur got possession of the first boat assailed, than he took her in tow, and bore down on the next to leeward. Running the enemy aboard, as before, he went into him, Jack by his side, and his men and officers following. The captain of the Tripolitan vessel was a large, powerful man, and Decatur charged him with a pike. The weapon was wrested from the gallant lieutenant's hand and turned upon him. Decatur parried a thrust, made a blow with his sword at the pike, intending to cut off its head. The sword striking, the iron broke at the hilt, and at the next moment the Turk made another thrust, sending the end of the pike into Decatur's breast.

Tearing the weapon from the flesh, Decatur grappled with his antagonist, and both fell to the deck. Just at this moment another powerful Mussulman aimed a blow at Decatur's head, but Reuben James, unable from his many wounds to ward off the blow, interposed his own body and received the sword upon his head, falling dangerously wounded. At this moment Jack ran the Mussulman through with his sword, and Decatur, with a pocket pistol, shot the Turk who was engaging him. On pressed the American fleet, capturing vessel after vessel in close hand to hand fights, and at the same time pouring in a constant stream of shells and cannonballs.

The siege is a matter of history which every schoolboy has read. The dey was forced to terms at last, but the gallant Richard Somers and many other Americans lost their lives. Jack Izzard came out uninjured and covered with glory. The prisoners were released and the war practically ended, though it was some time before peace was formally declared. The first thing Jack did after the war was over was to make inquiry in regard to the Spanish don and the beautiful senorita. They had taken passage to Spain in a passing vessel, leaving their warmest regards for him.

Jack sailed for Spain. He was gone a year, when he returned with a beautiful black-eyed wife, whose slightly foreign accent seemed only to add to the music of her voice. She was the beautiful Donna Lina Castillo, now plain Mrs. Howard.

Next week's issue will contain "THE SENATOR'S BOY; OR, THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF A GREAT STATESMAN."

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

On the next morning after Jack's arrival at the fleet, being the third of August, 1804, the American fleet stood in for the town. The enemy's gun-boats and galleys had come outside of

"Moving Picture Stories," No. 308, contains an article entitled "HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE ACTOR." Buy a copy. Price 7 cents; postage free. HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., N. Y.

CURRENT NEWS

DRANK A LOT OF BUTTERMILK TO GAIN WEIGHT

"I've heard of a tin soldier and a chocolate soldier for some years," said Sergt. Taylor of the local recruiting station, Salina, Kan., "but I never heard of a buttermilk soldier until the other day. He looked pretty good to me and he is now in Uncle Sam's army."

Harry O. Winter has been trying to get into the army for some time, but was always too light. He began drinking buttermilk. He visited the recruiting office daily. One day the scales showed he had gained a sufficient amount of weight to get by the Sergeant with his application.

He declares he drank so much buttermilk he detested the sight of it, and now he says: "No more buttermilk for me for a long, long time."

GEESE WEAR SHOES

There is probably no place in the world where geese are raised more extensively than in Poland. Warsaw is the greater center for the trade in these birds, and it is the town of Dvinsk, near which the Russian and German armies have been fighting so furiously of late, that has largely supplied the Warsaw market. Dvinsk, too, is probably the only place in the world where geese are shod. The Polish farmer does not send his birds to market in coops and by train. That would be a considerable expense. He drives them on the highway, the flock often numbering several hundred. That they may walk to Warsaw without getting sore feet he shoes them. They are first made to walk over a patch of road covered with warm tar, and then over another patch covered with sand. In this way the feet get a coat of tar and sand, and they make the journey without becoming footsore.

MICE AND RABBITS

Pine mice and cottontail rabbits do much harm to fruit and ornamental trees and to shrubs, as well as to garden and farm crops throughout the Eastern portion of the United States.

Pine mice are seldom seen on account of their mole-like habits, for they live in their own underground burrows or in mole runways. The presence of these mice in mole burrows can usually be detected by an occasional opening that they make to the surface from the runway. Pine mice are not so prolific as the meadow mice, but protected as they are by their underground habits they sometimes become abnormally abundant. This is especially apparent in states where hawks and owls, which are enemies of these rodents, are destroyed.

The most practical method of controlling this pest is by poisoning. Sweet potatoes cut into small pieces have proved to be the most effective bait. They are prepared as follows:

Sweet Potato Bait—Cut sweet potatoes into pieces about the size of large grapes. Moisten four quarts of these and drain off excess moisture. Slowly sift over them one-eighth ounce of powdered strychnine (alkaloid), using a pepper box or salt shaker for the purpose.

One or two pieces of the poisoned sweet potatoes should be dropped into the tunnels through the natural openings or through openings made with a stick. A systematic use of this poison invariably results in an almost complete extermination of pine mice. These pests are also easily trapped, but owing to the extra time and labor required this method does not compare favorably with poisoning.

MASSACHUSETTS' HISTORIC TREES

The part that trees play in the history of a state is shown by an index table of historic trees now standing in Massachusetts. The table, which was prepared for the New England Historic Genealogical Society, shows the association of trees with historic events extending through important periods since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The most famous is the Washington Elm in Cambridge, under which General Washington took command of the little force of patriots that was called the American Army. It has been said that the troops could almost be sheltered under the elm's 95-foot spread of branches.

Other trees mark revolutionary incidents and events, with local, state or national significance, as the places where Washington rested or made an address, or watered his horses; where Lafayette stopped during his campaign in the patriot cause; where revolutionists had their rendezvous; where the Minute Men trained or took stand in actions against the British.

The Boxford Elm, a revolutionary meeting place, was the scene also of the signing of an important treaty in the days of the Indian wars, and under the Eliot Oak at South Natick John Eliot spread his gospel to the Indians. Famous speeches on abolition by the orators of the time were made among the trees at Island Grove in North Abington from 1846 through the Civil War.

A buttonwood tree at Charlemont with a spread of 85 feet is preserved as the place where the first settlers found shelter while they slept, and the Sheffield Elm was the camping place of the founder of that town and the scene of the town meetings, long afterward. The Paxton Elm marks the center of the state.

The Oakham Oak gave that town its name, and was a model for its town seal, and the Avery Oak at Dedham, also the model for the town seal, served as the site of the town's first religious meeting.

The oldest tree in the index is the Endicott Pear Tree at Danversport, planted by John Endicott in 1630. The greatest is the Rugg Elm at Framingham, with a spread of 145 feet. The famous "Great Elm" of Boston's earliest days is no more, but an off-shoot is recognized as Old Elm's Descendant. The Ancient Oaks, made famous in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn;" Hawthorne's Grove at Concord, favorite walk of the author; Louisa May Alcott's Elms, also at Concord, and Oliver Wendell Holmes's Pine at Pittsfield, are all treasured for the associations with those who named them.

BOB, THE ICE KING

— OR —

OUT TO FIND THE POLE

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXII (continued)

Every star was shining, and there was something of an auroral display, though nothing to what it had been at other times.

Sandy now came out and joined Bob.

"Say, Bob," he began, "we hain't never going to get out of here; do you think we are?"

"Why, of course! Why not?" answered Bob.

"But look at all that snow. It will never melt."

"We shall have to travel on top of it."

"How can we?"

"It will settle down. Don't be ridiculous, Sandy. Is the doctor awake yet?"

"Don't think so. I didn't hear him stirring. Say, Bob, I wish we were back in St. Johns."

"Wish for what you like, Sandy. I shall never leave this place until I have learned Thyra's fate."

"Don't say that! You may never know what becomes of her. I'm sure I don't want to stay up here forever, and I don't go back without you. I—oh, glory, Bob! Look! Look! A falling star!"

Out of the heavens shot a meteor, which exceeded in size anything Bob had ever seen.

It moved with incredible swiftness, leaving a trail of fire behind it.

Increasing in size every second, it seemed to hover just above the tent.

"Great Scott! It will hit us!" yelled Sandy.

The sentence was scarce completed when the flaming thing plunged into the snow just in front of them.

It must have weighed tons; it glowed like red-hot iron.

In spite of the low temperature, the boys could feel the heat of it.

As it went down there was a tremendous hissing, and then what sounded like an explosion.

A column of water shot up a hundred feet at least.

The ice cracked and trembled beneath them.

When the doctor and Henry came tumbling out of the tent, they found Bob and Sandy looking at a huge circular break where there was open water.

"The ice is breaking up! We are lost!" roared the doctor.

"Don't think so," said Bob. "Take it easy. It was only a meteor."

"Only a meteor! Do you mean to say——"

"Oh, gee! You orter seen it!" broke in Sandy. "It was as big as a cart wheel. You can see for yourself where it cut the ice away."

"I heard it, and that was enough to make me say my prayers," replied the doctor; adding:

"Bob, did you ever see the meteor Peary brought from Greenland, which now lies outside

the American Museum of Natural History in New York?"

"Yes, once," replied Bob, "and this was twice as big."

"Indeed! You have had a rare experience, my boy. I would have given anything to have seen the thing. Well, we must be safe, for if the ice on which we are was going to give way it would have done so before."

"Look! By Jove, a walrus!"

A queer grunt had attracted the doctor's attention, and now, out of the water in the hole made by the meteor a huge black head, with two descending tusks, projected.

It was an enormous walrus, and he worked himself up on the ice with all speed.

"Water warmed up by the meteor!" cried the doctor. "He is anxious to get out of it. It's a shame to add to his troubles, but we want him!"

He thought he was speaking to Bob. But Bob had vanished inside the tent.

He had gone for his gun, for here was a chance to get fresh meat which was not to be despised.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Afloat on an Ice Cake.

If Thyra had been one of the despairing sort she would have been ready to give up now.

But life in the Arctic regions makes brave men and enduring women.

This was not the first time Thyra had found herself in a situation of great danger.

During her trins with her father such occurrences had been not infrequent, and each recurring one had brought its lesson.

Thyra was perhaps the best adapted to bravely meet such a situation as this of all the girls in Greenland.

If she had been afraid of Orlok it would have been far worse even than it was.

Thyra was not a bit afraid. She knew the Esquimau character thoroughly, and she was prepared to govern herself accordingly. She went at Orlok then and there to do the absolutely necessary thing, and that was to encourage him.

"I am glad!" she cried. "Larsen was a bad man. I am glad he is dead. I am sorry that your people had to die with him, Orlok."

Orlok was sorry too. He was also anxious. He wanted to know what they were going to do.

"To stay right here, if it is safe," replied Thyra. "Our friends will surely find us. That is what I propose to do."

"It is not safe to stay so near the open water. Remember beneath us is the sea."

"Then beat a path back and help me take the tent," replied Thyra coolly. "But, Orlok, it seems to me that we are as safe in one place as we are in another. We have neither dogs nor sled. We have only the few provisions which were put in my tent. We have to take our chances. It makes little difference where we go or what we do."

It was while this conversation was going on that they saw the meteor.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

DROWNED IN WHISKY BARREL

Joseph Bostick, 30 years old, of Chester, Pa., was drowned in a whisky barrel half filled with water in the yard of his sister's home. The body was discovered by Charles Trainer, who noticed the man's leg protruding from the barrel.

BEES SWARM ON HIS FACE

George Berle of Barrington, N. J., got next to the ways of 10,000 bees, as many of them got next to him. But he was game and won. In an effort to capture a large swarm in the center of the town he covered himself with netting and tried to coax the bees or shoo them into a barrel. The bees did not want to go, and finding a hole in the netting, made haste to swarm on Berle. Nothing daunted, Berle obtained a sheet and made a second attempt, succeeding in hiving the bees in the barrel.

WIND BLEW CHECK

A check found the other day on the Lewis Yape farm, a mile east of Deerfield, Mich., was blown out of the door of the store of Nutter & Renollet at Renollet, O., last March by the tornado which destroyed Raab's Corners. While working in a field Henry Yape noticed the check hanging to a weed. It was drawn for \$233.75 on the farmers' Banking Company of Paulding, O., by John Nutter in favor of Eli Ankney. The check has been returned to the Renollet store. According to maps, it traveled about 100 miles through the air.

SWAT FLIES ON CEILINGS

Flies that take refuge on the ceiling, at night or in cool weather, may be captured without difficulty. The handle is sawed from an old broom, and a tin lid is attached to the end by driving a large tack through it into the stick. The tack should be driven firmly to make the lid rest solidly and prevent leakage. The lid is partly filled with kerosene, and is held for a few seconds against the ceiling, directly under the fly. The insect, becoming more or less stupid with the cold, will be further stupefied by the fumes of the oil, and will drop into the lid.

BUENOS AYRES-NEW YORK SHIP MAKES RECORD TRIP

The fastest passage ever made between Buenos Ayres and New York, a distance of 6,992 miles, was completed on June 7 by the Lamport & Holt liner Vestris, which dropped anchor in Quarantine at 3 a. m. and landed her passengers at Pier 9, Brooklyn, in the forenoon.

The Vestris was delayed by lay-overs at Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro and Barbados, but despite this her actual steaming time from Buenos Ayres to Scotland Lightship, off this harbor, was 16 days, 17 hours and 41 minutes. The previous record was held by the steamship Vauban, also of the Lamport & Holt Line, which made the run from Buenos Ayres to New York in 19 days 6 hours.

WHALE BATTLES SHIP

Showing the effects of a desperate fight with a huge sperm whale while ten miles south of Mount Edgecombe, Kruzof Island, near the entrance of Sitka Sound, Alaska, on June 15, the whaling steamer Star III., Capt. L. P. Halls, Gunner G. Earling, reached Eagle Harbor after a successful season.

While taking one of the big mammals, which members of the crew described as "just like an ocean liner," the big fellow charged the steamer, damaging the gunwale, second towing chock on the starboard side and bending and crumpling a plate in the bulwarks for a distance of ten feet. The weight of the whale nearly swamped the little steamer.

INDIAN CHIEFS IN ADIRONDACKS

Chiefs Andrew Gibson and Jesse Lyons, high in the councils of the Iroquois League, made formal preliminary inspection the week of June 12, of the 17,000 acres of the Ga-Wan-Ka section, which is to be dedicated as a permanent memorial to the League of the Iroquois at Okara Park, near Tendarara, June 26, with all the pomp and circumstances of the high rites of the People of the Long House.

In company with Captain H. D. Ovington of New York the chiefs inspected First and Second lakes of the Fulton chain, Lakes Ta-Jek-Ha and Ka-No-Tes on the Raquette Lake line, near Romdaxe, and from Bald Mountain looked out across the huge tract of forests, mountains, lakes and rivers which is to receive formal dedication and christening by the assembled chiefs of the Great League late this month, when Representative Homer P. Snyder, chairman of the United States Indian Affairs Committee, will be one of the principal speakers.

A portion of Ga-Wan-Ka along Moose River is to be reserved as a hunting camp for the use of warriors and hunters of the Six Nations. The chiefs located the site of the temporary Indian village of wigwams, which is to be erected for the occasion, and tentatively laid out the council circles to be used for the ceremonies. Thursday night a powwow was held at the Seneca reservation for the formulation of plans for the ceremony. Delegations of chiefs and head matrons from the various reservations of the State, together with seventy-five men, women and children from the Onondaga reservation at Syracuse, will participate in the dedicatory rites.

Invitations have been sent to Gov. Smith, members of the Conservation Commission, members of the New York State Indian Commission and various Assemblymen and Senators. It is expected that a number of the members of the United States Indian Affairs Committee will accompany Representative Snyder.

More than thirty square miles of wilderness are included in the tract to be dedicated, which lies in one of the most familiar portions of the Adirondacks and includes a dozen large and small lakes. The name Ga-Wan-Ka is Iroquois for playground.

The Midnight Shadow

— OR —

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEVEN STEPS

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXIV.

Conclusion.

Talk about getting a jolt! Oliver got it that night when he started along the gravel walk in his excitement at hearing Fanny call. For he had not gone ten feet when out from behind that very clump of bushes which was to afford Dick Ketchum shelter later sprang the Midnight Shadow.

"Um! Um! Um!" he cried, seizing Oliver by the arm. His grip was like iron. He thrust his hideous face close into Oliver's, and repeated his strange cry.

Oliver thought it might be "Come! Come! Come!" that he meant, and frightened as he was, he was willing to "Come!" if it would only lead him to Fanny.

"Let go of me! Please let go of me!" he cried. "I—I will go with you!"

"Um! Um! Um!" cried the Shadow, dragging him toward the blind door, which now stood open, as did the secret door behind it.

Now the probabilities are that Arthur had no intention of hurting Oliver.

But it was not to be expected that Oliver could reason over the situation.

The grip on his arm was tightened, and he was dragged through the door and up those narrow stairs in total darkness.

Even the thought of Fanny was not sufficient to prevent him from being frightened half out of his wits, timid fellow that he was.

Twice he slipped on the steep stairs, which were so rickety that Oliver expected nothing but to have them break under them. The second time he lost his footing altogether, and the Shadow, in trying to pull him back, lost his own.

Down the stairs they tumbled in the darkness, head over heels.

In his effort to save himself, Arthur went clean over Oliver.

In an instant there was a crash and a fearful yell—something which Oliver will never forget until his dying day.

The next he knew his feet went from under him into nothingness.

He threw out his hands, clutched something, and hung.

To say that the boy was frightened now would not be the truth. He had been frightened before, but now he appeared to have passed beyond the stage where he could be afraid.

The stairs had broken down, of course, and the Shadow had fallen into the break.

Oliver hung on and listened, but he could not even hear a groan.

Very cautiously he pulled himself up, and

managed to get upon his hands and knees upon the step to which he clung.

It cracked beneath his weight, and Oliver lost no time in climbing higher, not daring to stand upright until the stairs seemed firm.

Then he struck a match and saw the wide break. At least six steps were gone.

It seemed impossible that the Shadow could have escaped falling into the hole.

Oliver shouted, but got no answer. Get back he could not. Above was Fanny! Oliver groped his way up the stairs by the aid of matches, until he came to a door at the top. He pounded on it vigorously when he discovered that it was fastened, and shouted Fanny's name.

At once the pounding was returned.

"Is that you, Oliver?" Fanny called.

"Yes, yes. Open the door!"

"But I can't. It opens from your side. Is—is Arthur there?"

"You mean the Shadow?"

"Yes."

"He is not here, Fanny. I have every reason to believe that he is either dead or seriously injured."

Oliver struck a match. The door seemed to have no lock, but before the match went out he had discovered a very apparently secret spring which he pressed, and the door flew back.

There stood Fanny, looking about as usual, excepting that her clothes were rather "mussed," and her hair tumbled up.

"Oh, Oliver, let us escape now while there is a chance," she cried. "Oh, you don't know what I've been through!"

Oliver caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"We can't go that way, Fanny!" he cried. "I'll tell you all about it in a minute. There must be some other way out of this room."

There were two rooms, in fact, mere boxes under the eaves, with no furniture except a mattress thrown down in one of the rooms, a single chair, and a table, upon which a lamp stood. But over in a corner stood two grips and a dress suit case.

Thinking that Dick Ketchum must still be in the garret, Oliver pounded on the sloping partition. He was just too late. A minute before the detective had gone downstairs.

"What has happened to Arthur? Tell me all!" cried Fanny. "My story will keep."

Oliver explained. While talking he took up the lamp and examined the partition.

Easily he recognized a secret door with the same sort of fastening which secured the door at the head of the stairs. Pressing the spring, the thing flew open, and Oliver passed out into the garret, calling the detective's name.

Fanny pressed close behind him, and as she passed through the door it swung back into place of its own accord.

"He is not here!" cried Oliver. "I left him here a minute ago. He must have gone downstairs."

They started to follow, but when they came to the door at the foot of the stairs they found it fast.

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

WHY ARE MOST PEOPLE RIGHT-HANDED?

Most people are right-handed because they are trained that way. Being right-handed or left-handed depends largely on how we get started in that connection. When we are young we form the habit generally of being either right-handed or left-handed, as the case may be. Most people correct their children when it appears they are likely to become left-handed, as we have come to think that it is better to be right-handed than left, and that is the reason why most people are right-handed. As a matter of fact, if we were trained perfectly we should all be both right-handed and left-handed also. Some people are so trained, and, when we refer to their ability to do things equally well with both hands and wish to bring out this fact, we say they are ambidextrous. It is not natural that one hand should be trained to do things while the other is not.—Book of Wonders.

EMERALDS BECOME THE RAREST OF STONES

Owing to world shortage, emeralds have become the rarest and most expensive of precious stones, says the Straits Times (Singapore). Prices during the past four years have been bounding up until the emerald is now four times its pre-war price.

The reason for the scarcity of the stones is the poor output from the Colombian mines, which are government owned and produce 95 per cent. of the world's supply. These have not been working for seven or eight years.

A five-cent stone, sold at Christie's (London) recently fetched \$3,500 a carat. At Anakie, Queensland, Australia, some very beautiful velvety green sapphires of great brilliance are mined, and the miners are trying to persuade jewelers to accept them as substitutes for emeralds.

MACEDONIA'S WAR-DOGS

Everywhere are the dogs in Macedonia, says the National Geographic Magazine. In this country of shepherds every peasant's cottage has a moving fringe of dogs. In the East the dog is neither fed nor petted, so that he feels himself outcast and despised. During this war one army and then the other has swept over northern Macedonia, driving the peasants before them. The dogs have been left behind. At night one hears them howling on the desolate hills.

The tainted breeze that comes down the valleys hints at the ghastly food on which they live. By day every man shoots at every dog save the few that cling close to an inhabited cottage. They slink, coyote fashion, behind rocks. At night one hears their feet padding behind him on the lonely roads. Their eyes shine in the flare of the electric torch. Every one carries arms in Macedonia at night, not against men, but as a protection against the dogs.

CONSTANTINOPLE CITY OF FAMOUS SIEGES

No city in the world has undergone so many famous sieges as Constantinople. Persians and Avars, Slavs, Bulgarians, Turks and Arabs, all wasted themselves in vain before her famous walls. The Arabs alone attempted them seven times in the names of great Caliphs and under the leadership of great soldiers, and one of these attempts lasted for seven years. But the walls were impregnable to the misbeliever until a renegade Christian taught Mohammed II. how to direct a cross-fire against them. They were injured many times by earthquakes and sieges—and once by icefloes from the Euxine.

The names of 24 builders and restorers have come down to us, Justinian, Mohammed the Conqueror and Murad IV. among them. Christians and Moslems seems to have shown the same barbaric indifference to the materials they employed. Fragments of ancient temples, broken columns, friezes, establatures, altars and monuments have all been worked into the massive masonry, emblems, not inapt, of the shattered and composite tradition they preserved.

Within them Constantine had reared a truly imperial city, with churches and palaces, forums and porticoes, libraries, aqueducts, cisterns and baths. Some of the pillars in the cistern of Philoxenus—of "the 1,001 columns," to which the Oriental love of large numbers has exaggerated the real total of nearly 700—still bear "K N" for his name. The aqueducts have preserved the scientific device for cleaning and airing the water—the "liberamenta aquae"—which Pliny describes.

The first great public library, which contained over 600,000 volumes, was burned at the end of the fifth century and its successor is the "Nika." The "horses of St. Mark" may still recall how ruthlessly the lesser cities were robbed of their treasures for the glory of the new capital. On the "spina" of the hippodrome stood some of the finest works of the Greek chisel, transported by imperial command from Athens, and from Cyzicus, from Chios, from Caesarea and from Antioch. An obelisk still remains to mark the site.

It was not, however, the Turks who wrought the worst destruction. The havoc done by the turbulent rabble in seditions like the "Nika" during the reign of Justinian, and by the countrymen of Dandolo and of Villehardouin when the Latins took the city, was far worse than that perpetrated by Mohammed II.

Over a hundred statues by the greatest masters of antiquity were destroyed during the Nika in the baths of Zeuxippus alone. Another splendid collection adorned the portico of Justinian, and there were noble private galleries as well. The palace of the High Chamberlain to Arcadius is said to have contained the Aphrodite of Knidus in Parian marble by Praxiteles, the Hera of Samos by Lysippus, the Ivory Zeus by Pheidias and a forest of other statues, together with a library of 120,000 books.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

WILD BOAR PRIZE ENOUGH

The French Ministry of Agriculture had a prize of fifty francs for every wild boar weighing over thirty kilograms that was killed and of ten francs for every little one. It has just withdrawn this, giving as the reason that, with all meat at such high prices, the flesh of a wild boar ought to be quite sufficient reward for killing it.

GIRL 3, STARVES TO DEATH

Mystery surrounding the disappearance of the two children of Mr. and Mrs. John Brochak of Osceola Mills, Pa., was solved when Julia, three years old, was found dead from starvation and exhaustion, and Anna, 5, was a raving maniac. Searchers came upon them near the Stine coal mine, two miles from their home. Anna fought her rescuers and tried to get away. She is in the hospital at Phillipsburg.

HOUSE IN WHICH GARFIELD DIED
DESTROYED BY FIRE

The last of the famous houses associated with the name of President Garfield disappeared at Long Branch, N. J., June 15, when fire destroyed the shore cottage where the President spent his last days. The blaze is believed to have started from spontaneous combustion. The house was owned by the Fidelity Trust Company. Fred Sells, a New York broker, rented the place recently and was to have moved into it.

After Garfield was shot, in September, 1881, his physician ordered him to have sea air. When he expressed a preference for Long Branch Charles G. Francklyn, then owner of the cottage, offered its use. Garfield died there, September 19, 1881.

THE SELF-RELIANT RAVEN

The literary history of the raven begins with Noah and Elijah. Naturalists call him "the most wary, the most amusing, the cleverest of birds." He has also been described as grave, dignified and sedate, and many instances have been given of the peculiarities of this historical bird.

The bill of the raven is a formidable weapon, strong, stout, sharp at the edges, curved toward the tip. It is his one weapon of offence, but it

answers the purpose of two or three. Like the dirk of the old time plainsman, it is equally available as a dagger or as a carving knife. It can also be used as a pair of pincers. It can kill a rat at one blow. The raven can drive its beak right through the spines of a hedgehog. It is said that the raven will never attack a man. If this be true, it is, it is thought, not so much from any defect of courage as from the bird's keen intellectual perception of what will pay and what will not.

Like most of his tribe, the raven is, in the strictest sense of the word, omnivorous. His dietary ranges from "a worm to a whale."

When his nest is built, as it generally is, beneath some overhanging rock which quite conceals it from view from above, its position may sometimes be discovered by the remains of rabbit neatly laid in the short grass at the top of the cliff in what might be called his "larder." But a larder implies an amount of economy and self-restraint that it is not in the raven to practise.

In districts where food is scarce the ravens will attack without scruple a newly born lamb or even a sheep that has been cast.

The raven has a passion for solitude. He will tolerate no rival, not even his own offspring, in the neighborhood of his throne. He drives them rustlessly away as soon as they are able to shift for themselves.

LAUGHS

Ambitious Author—Hurry! Five dollars for my latest story, "The Call of the Lure!" Fast Friend—Whom from? Ambitious Author—The express company. They lost it.

Mrs. Nexdore—Why won't you let your Willie play baseball with the other boys? Mrs. Greene—A part of the game, I understand, is stealing bases, and I'm afraid it might have a bad influence.

"Oh, what a shame! I am inexpressibly shocked to hear it. And how soon after your marriage did he begin to display the cloven hoof?" "Why, at just about the same time he began to cultivate the cloven breath."

This is a quotation from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Doctor S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"

In the midst of a wintry wood a traveler in a sledge fled before a pack of famished wolves. As soon as he could feel their hot breath on his cheek he muttered: "It's time!" drew his sword, struck off his left arm, and threw it to the howling, hungry beasts. But only to gain thereby a temporary respite. In a few moments they were upon him once more, whereat he drew his sword a second time, struck off his right arm, and threw that out likewise.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

USE SEAPLANES TO HUNT WHALES

Business men at Aalesund, north of Bergen, Norway, intend during the coming summer to use seaplanes for seal and whale hunting in Denmark Strait, between Iceland and Greenland, says the National Tidende. The first machines will probably be sent up in a week or so.

LINCOLN'S ONLY FARM

A stone's throw from the Lincoln Highway and a few miles out of Denison, Ia., lies the only piece of ground Abraham Lincoln ever owned. It is rather a poor farm as Iowa farms go, for it is rough and hilly, good only for stock feeding. It is hard to find and he who seeks it must wander around in the hills out of Denison before he locates it. The farm was deeded to Lincoln for his services in the Blackhawk War and though he never lived on it there is reason to believe that he was planning, when public life was over, to retire to his Iowa farm and spend the remainder of his days there near the road which now bears his name.

METEOR FALLS IN OKLAHOMA

Geologists will study the huge meteor which fell and burned itself out near Okmulgee, Okla., the other night after lighting the skies over several southwestern States. Hundreds of persons in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Oklahoma watched the meteor's flight, reports received here said. Scores of motor cars clogged the roads leading to where the burning mass fell.

Considerable apprehension among the people living near Fort Smith, Ark., was caused. They thought the meteor fell near Red Oak, Okla., about 25 miles distant. A number of persons in automobiles went from Wilburton, Okla., and nearby towns to Red Oak to give aid.

Tulsa, Okla., reported that when the meteor passed over that city it appeared to be within a few hundred yards of the earth and that the lower and heavier portion, of a greenish blue color, was followed by a long wedge-shaped tail. As it approached the earth, the report stated, the head remained together as a mass. During the last few seconds of the fall the southern sky was lighted with a blue-green flash.

C. B. Smith, an astronomic authority at Muskogee, said he believed the meteor was thrown off from a destroyed planet between Jupiter and Mars, as it appeared to travel from west to east.

KOH-I-NOOR STORY INCOMPLETE

All the world has heard of the Koh-i-noor, or, as it has been sometimes called, the Great Mogul diamond, and it would seem that there was nothing more to be said about it. Yet in point of fact not a tenth part of its history has ever been traced, so far does it extend back into the vision of the past, writes Eleanor Maddock in *Asia*. Perhaps one of the strangest things about it is that it cannot be lost to the world indefinitely. It was bricked and plastered up in a wall and miraculously found after its former owner had been murdered. It was twice thrown away

as a bit of glass and once went to the laundry in the pocket of an Englishman's linen suit.

This matchless gem is called in India the "Mountain of Light" and the "Talisman of Kings;" the latter because it was said to bring sovereignty to its possessor. Strangely enough, after it fell into the hands of a Turkish slave of illegitimate origin, a line known as the "Slave Kings" sat on the throne of Delhi for eighty years, during which period the desire to possess the talisman amounted to a frenzied obsession. Suddenly it disappeared from their possession in the chaos of slaughter that brought the slave dynasty to an end in 1290.

The Koh-i-noor later scintillated without bloodshed through the reign of Shah Jahan down to his son Aurangzeb, who exhibited it to a number of Europeans whom he was entertaining at his court. Among them was Tavernier, the French jeweler, who later wrote a descriptive account of it for the delectation of Europe. After being tossed like a shuttlecock in the Delhi loot, and remaining for a period of years with the Sikhs in the Punjab, this most celebrated diamond in the world now rests on a purple velvet cushion among England's crown jewels, in the grim old Tower of London.

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BELIEVED DEAD

Forty-four years ago Frank Hamp left Swanton, O., for the West, going to Kansas. A short time afterward word was received that he was dead, and relatives gave up hopes of seeing him again.

He dropped into Swanton one day recently, inquired about himself, and finally made himself known to his aged mother and other relatives. He is now wealthy, owning a ranch consisting of four sections.

One or two letters came from Hamp to his mother after he left for Kansas. Then a report came that he, with other white men, had been captured by Indians, tortured and killed.

Hamp kept pushing West with the early settlers, and bettered himself at each change. Only once did he see a person from this vicinity, and then he was told his parents were dead.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

A QUEER SAPPHIRE

There is exhibited in the National Museum at Washington a sapphire weighing nine karats, which contains a bubble that appears and disappears with changes of temperature. It is believed that a cavity in the gem incloses a quantity of carbonic acid gas under great pressure. When the temperature is such as to correspond with the "critical point" for that gas, under the particular pressure to which it is subjected in its brilliant prison house, it liquefies and becomes visible as a bubble.

QUICKSILVER DEPOSITS IN ARIZONA

The present exceptional demand for quicksilver in the manufacture of fulminate gives the domestic deposits of this metal particular interest. Deposits recently discovered in the southern part of the Phoenix Mountains, ten miles northeast of Phoenix, Ariz., are described in a short paper prepared by F. C. Schrader, just published by the United States Geological Survey. The deposits are easy of access, and, being near the rich agricultural region of Salt River Valley, are otherwise favorably situated for mining. They are being exploited on six or more properties or groups of claims, which lie in a belt, about three miles wide.

BRITISH DEVELOPMENT OF MESOPOTAMIA

In spite of war conditions this year's harvest in Mesopotamia is expected to be the greatest in many years. The British are reported to have dug out more than 100 canals formerly used for irrigation purposes in connection with the River Euphrates but disused for many years. Some 320,000 acres have been brought afresh under cultivation.

Since the British occupation Bagdad is full of life; construction work is being carried on early and late and thousands of workmen are repaving the streets and installing electric light and sanitation. A fire brigade and a police force have been organized. The supply of pure water is assured, the water pipes being constantly extended. Many other improvements have been inaugurated.

And so ancient ruins blossom forth most modernly.

GUM STOPS GAS LEAK

When it comes to resourcefulness leave it to Mrs. Ernest Byfield and Miss Elaine V. Rosenthal, embryo motor mechanics who are fitting themselves for service in the Motor Supply Corps, Chicago, Ill.

A little thing like a gas tank leak is nothing to them, even if it does happen way out on a country road. So when they were motoring along and had to stop because of it, Mrs. Byfield suggested that chewing gum would stop the leak, since they had nothing better. It did, but they had to chew 110 sticks, which they purchased at a nearby store to get the desired effect. Yes, they could still talk and tell about it when they got back despite the stiffness of their jaws.

A VALUABLE PIPE

The Shah of Persia possesses, perhaps, the most valuable pipe in the world. It is the Persian pipe, and is smoked only on state occasions. It is set with rubies and diamonds, and is valued at \$100,000. When the Shah is not using the pipe it is kept in a glass case and carefully guarded by a high court official, whose duties, we learn from a Paris contemporary, are as little onerous as those of the director of an arsenal. The reason for keeping the pipe so closely guarded, and in a case, is that some years ago a grand vizier was surprised in the act of removing some of the stones with the point of his poniard. What happened to the grand vizier we are not told.

HOPE OF A NEW POWER

One of those tremendously important little items which get buried in the news pages because of their briefness, but which really deserve flaming headlines, was that Italy's most famous chemist has announced the discovery of a cheap method for obtaining "liquid hydrogen"—that is, hydrogen gas in a liquid form.

The importance of this discovery, which, because of the standing of its author, may be assumed to be authentic, is that it opens up the possibility and carries the hope of producing a new and practically unlimited source of liquid fuel for internal combustion engines of the motor type. Moreover, it is a tremendously power fuel.

Liquid hydrogen, burned in motor cylinders, is capable of driving an average automobile all of 250 miles per gallon. More than this, since hydrogen composes two-thirds of all the water of the globe, the basis of supply is inexhaustible. Only the cost of producing gas and reducing it to a form in which it could be utilized has stood in the way of its use as a fuel. The component gases of water form potentially the largest available future source of motor fuel.

Wonderful Victory Over Baldness

HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIAN'S MYSTERIOUS OINTMENT

Now has Prolific Hair and Will Give True Recipe Free; it is Scientifically Verified

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that as he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet, now, at the age of 60, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness.

Indians' Secret of Hair Growth

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he guaranteed would grow my hair. Although I had no faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement, a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a regular healthy growth and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was amazed and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Hair Grew Luxuriantly.

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

It became my sudden determination to possess the recipe or secret if I could. Having used my most persuasive arguments which convinced the aged savant of my sincerity, and that he had only fairness to expect from me, I succeeded in gaining the secret recipe by giving him a valuable rifle in exchange.

I Put the Secret Away

My regular business took all my time, however, and I was compelled to forego my plans to introduce the wonderful kotalko (which I call for short kotalko) and I put the secret aside for some years.

That my own hair-growth was permanent has been amply proven.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die, even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever, excessive dryness or other disorders. I am convinced, and am sure, many scientists will agree, that the hair roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they are like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle.

The Secret Now Revealed

Recently I was induced, while on a business trip to London, to introduce kotalko, the Indian hair elixir. It met with an immediate demand, and has since been introduced throughout England and France, where, despite the war, it is having a great sale. Its popularity comes chiefly from the voluntary endorsements of users. Many persons—men, women and children—are reporting new hair growth. Some cases were really more extraordinary than my own. For instance, a lady reported that kotalko grew a beautiful supply of blonde hair (her natural shade) after her head had been completely bald since a fever nine years previously, and she had worn a wig ever since.

A military officer had a bald spot which had been growing larger for some time. Within a few weeks it was completely covered. I could mention numerous examples. Now, having made arrangements here, I intend to supply kotalko according to the genuine Indian's formula to whomsoever wishes to obtain it. Ten cents will bring a testing box to you.

Recipe Given Free

The recipe I shall be pleased to mail free. Address: John Hart Brittain, BH-103, Station F, New York, N. Y. Or I will mail the recipe with a testing box of kotalko for 10 cents, silver or stamps.



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NEW THINGS.

Railroad builders in South Africa have enabled work to be done at night by equipping a freight car with an electric plant and mounting searchlights on projecting arms.

The original home and laboratory of Joseph Priestley, who discovered oxygen in 1774, will be erected on the campus of Pennsylvania State College as a memorial to him.

Gasoline cars on an Australian railway have wedge-shaped ends, it having been found that the air resistance to the old type cars caused the use of 40 per cent. more fuel.

Designed for garages is a new fire pail made to contain two chemicals in separate compartments, which, thrown together on an oil fire, unite and form a flame smothering foam.

The rear end of an automobile locker of English invention is made of ground glass, on which a car's number can be painted and illuminated at night by a lamp inside the locker.

Peru has established a school of military aviation and has purchased twelve French airplanes, while two seaplane services between coast ports are planned.

LITTLE ADS

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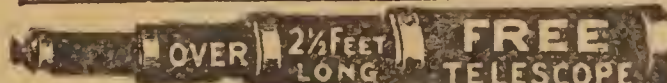


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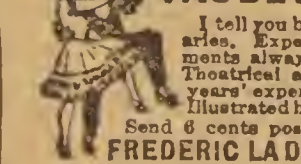
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A REMARK-ABLE WELL

One of the most remarkable wells in Oklahoma is owned by J. C. McSpadden, at Tahlequah. This well not only furnishes an abundance of pure water, almost ice-cold in the summer time, but it affords a supply of chilled air, which is utilized for a cooling plant that keeps the McSpadden home cooler on the hottest day than any summer resort within a thousand miles. It is a freak well all around. When the well was sunk it was for a cistern. When about fifty feet deep the bottom broke through, revealing a sort of cavern, in which there was a tremendous flow of ice-cold water. Apparently this is an inexhaustible supply, for the well was sunk years ago and the well water has remained at the same level ever since. Taking advantage of the freak well's supply of cold air, McSpadden sealed the top of the well with a concrete cap and placed pipes in it. Through one of these he draws his water supply. Through the others he draws a supply of cold air that is piped through every room of his six-room house.

BEES ACCURATE CLOCKS

Bees, said to be the most intelligent of insects, have a remarkable knowledge of time. Professor Conklin, of the University of Pennsylvania, is of the opinion that bees have also a powerful memory, which is the reason, he asserts, that a bee flying half a mile away from its hive returns safely to its shelter. It observes closely the landmarks passed on the outward journey.

An owner of several hives of bees, noting the diligence they observed in their work, was induced to investigate if time could be accurately gauged by his swarms. For several weeks he had his meals on the terrace of his house, breakfast being served promptly at seven o'clock, when preserves were used as a light repart.

Most of the contents of the table were allowed to remain until luncheon at 10 a. m. At noon the mid-day meal was served, but without sweets. At 4 p. m. there was a light lunch, with sweets, which remained on the table for half an hour or so. As a further inducement, a dish of stewed cherries was put to cool on a window near by, and in a few hours the whole swarm of bees were sucking the sweet juice.

This incited the bees to visit the window regularly. The dish was afterward moved to the table, and was discovered by one of their number. On the morrow several companies were at the feast, and every day the number increased. At first the bees arrived at all hours, but soon they realized there was "nothing doing" between 7 and 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., so the visits were ceased except at the meal hours.

This ingenious bee clock in time became the gardener's timepiece, and for months they were "rung on" at 7 a. m. to commence work, almost mechanically the insect-gong sounded promptly at 10 a. m. for lunch, and work was ceased as the bees chimed out the hour of 4 p. m.

WOLF CAUGHT IN WIRE FENCE.

James Holman, a farmer living in the Bratton Union neighborhood, Neb., procured an extra fine wolf pelt for a robe in a peculiar way. Recently he and his little daughter were walking along the road when their attention was attracted to a large gray wolf which was struggling in the meshes of a woven wire fence. Holman left his little girl to guard the wolf while he went to a neighboring farm and borrowed a gun. He returned and shot the animal, which proved to be a large timber wolf.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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